THE BYSTANDER
VOL. LIII.—No. 684

JANUARY 10, 1917

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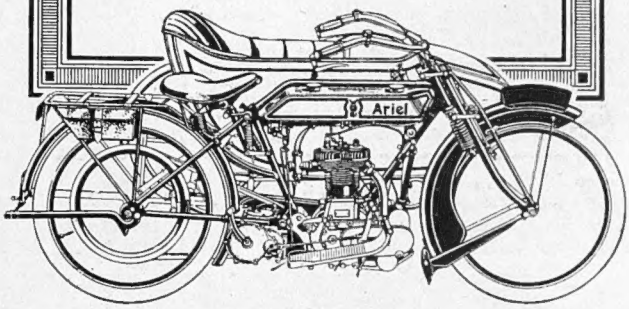

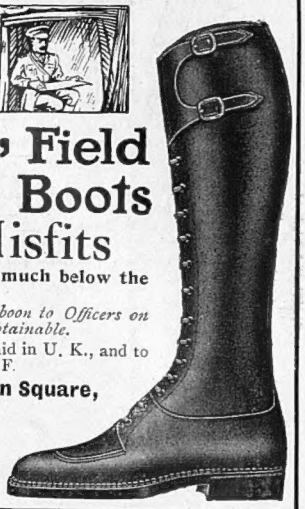

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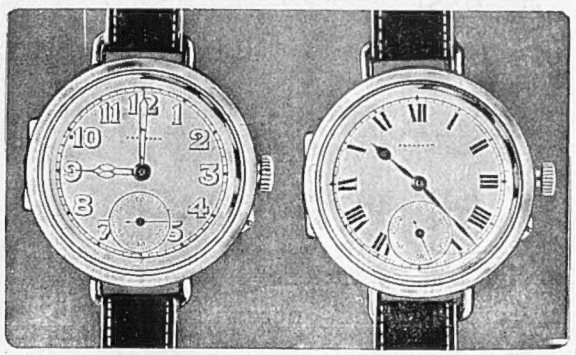

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Perhaps you are one of those who have never tried Sanatogen or Formamint? Even so, you must have heard of their exceptional merits, and you probably know plenty of people who "swear by them." The way these products have been talked about in Parliament and the Press—the enormous number of substitutes which have sprung up during the War—have only served to enlighten the Public as to the unique superiority of the genuine articles.

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TRENCH COAT
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B.E.F., November 16, 1916.

You may be interested to hear that I am in every way satisfied with this coat. I have been out all day in the very worst weather and it has always kept me absolutely dry.

Two other officers followed my example and bought similar coats, and they too are extremely satisfied. W. L. G.

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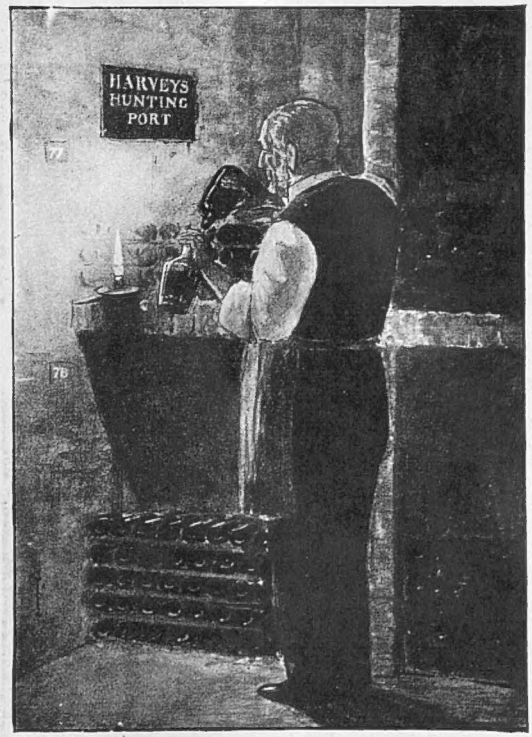

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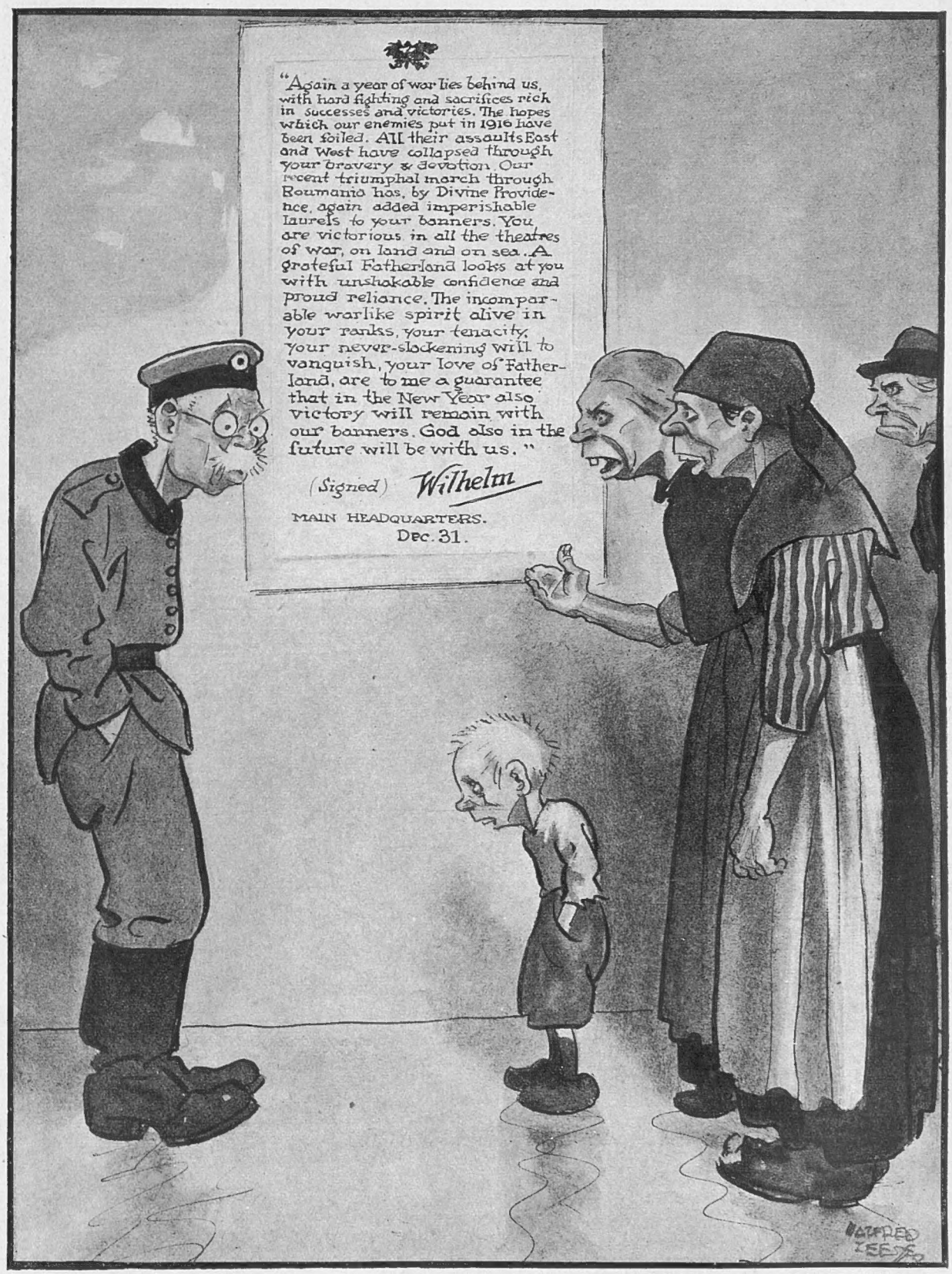
The Bystander, January 10, 1917.—No. 684. Vol. LIII

The BYSTANDER



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Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 9th day of January, 1917, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 17th day of January, 1917.

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This Coupon-Insurance-Ticket must not be detached.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Alarums and Excursions

Shakespeare in his terse stage directions has one favourite most excellently suited to the Central Powers just at present—"Alarums and excursions." We have had the best part of three years of the alarums; just now the programme is very much excursions. The immediate future has fixtures for Vienna and Berlin ("Monarchs only" on the first train; Parliamentary Presidents on the other). The immediate past saw the Christmas Peace Note gathering. The somewhat-less-immediate future will, I understand, see the excursionists on a little jaunt personally conducted by the Allies. No return tickets for some of the travellers.

Vitals and Victuals

Setting this final excursion aside for future enjoyment, in these new time-tables two dominant notes are apparent. Peace Note is one. The other touches what is always of paramount interest to excursion parties—the food question. Our armies may not yet have penetrated enemy territory; but it is paradoxically unquestionable that we are at last making ourselves felt in the Germanic interior, and, without being within striking distance, are, nevertheless, attacking the enemy's vitals. Vitals and victuals—the one can't do without the other, and this excursion fever is at its height in direct consequence.

Promissory Peace Notes

German fingers, in a word, are growing lean, and Germany's dupes are growing leaner — and slipping through them. Austria leads the chorus that asks Germany for bread, and receives—a Peace Note. The object of these Notes is two-fold. For the Allies they are intended to act as fly-papers whereon we shall stick to entangle ourselves with one another and then be plucked off—or written off — seriatim. To Germany's confederates they are in the nature of Promissory Notes, seeking to stave off the pangs of hunger and the writhings of despair by promising that Peace is close at hand.

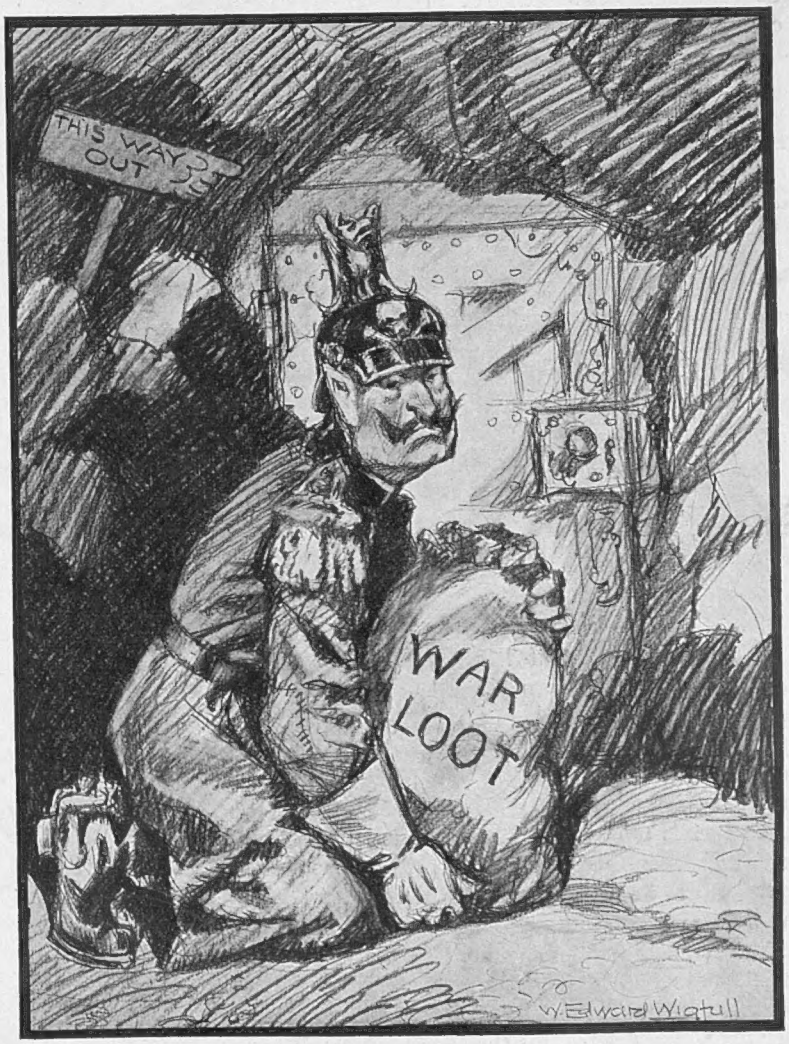
Two Heavens

They will continue like that—each more sticky and more promissory. The next Note will find Germany so enslaved to the sufferings of humanity that she will magnanimously offer a small chunk of restitution if only we will come and talk about it; the next, for the same reasons, will offer a slightly larger chunk, and so on. Germany will lift streaming eyes to heaven (situated in America and other neutral countries), and the Allies will go streaming on to that much more dependable heaven, and haven, which is called victory. Fight and see. All the popular papers are telling their readers to "watch" something or somebody. Take it from THE BYSTANDER: "Watch the Peace Notes."

Dirty Linen

The public, as I read, are being urged to send less washing to the laundry. Curiously enough, it has been a washing week; and there was enough dirty linen in the "War Office Scandal" case to make a pretty considerable basket. The surroundings are doubtless the healthier for it—not so much on account

(Continued on page 48)



THE BERLIN PANTOMIME SEASON

ALI BABA'S BROTHER: "Gott in Himmel! I've forgotten the password! I thought it was 'Peace'—but that evidently won't open the door!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

of the actual linen washed, but because these little laundry displays tend to discourage any further accumulation. "Washing Done Here" is a notice which makes those who would hang out the sign "Jobs Done Here" take it away and burn it with the utmost expedition.

Grin and Wear It

Of course, everybody who is in the know—and equally those who suffer by not being in it—will tell you that so long as there is Government service so long will "jobs" be worked in it. It is human nature to help your pals. The only thing to be done is to grin and bear it if you, so to speak, lose the job; and grin and wear it if you get it. But even among jobbists there are things that aren't the thing and aren't done, and helping a woman to down an honourable young man because he has refused her attentions is pre-eminently one of them. How far the officers who came in for censure were aware that this was the game even the Court of Inquiry's report could not tell us. Not very far, one is glad to believe. Only one person, other than the unhappy victim, really knew it. And her punishment is that now everybody does.

Fluttering the Cots

The case will cause some fluttering round hospital cots, and their inmates will be all the happier for it. The soldier, wounded, is as dangerous an attraction to some ministrants as he is, fit, to the venturesome Boche. In both encounters, moreover, he runs considerable personal risk.

More Scraps of Paper

A portentous element has crept into the uniforms of the German Army. It appears from samples, more or less complete, brought into our lines by Fritz (also more or less complete) that paper is now largely used in their composition, and that wool is equally largely absent therefrom. Fritz lost his wool, metaphorically speaking, in the summer of 1914, and now by way of reward is losing it practically; he tore up paper in the same giddy days and now by way of nemesis walks about dressed in it. One has a certain pity for him. The truth is that he was the *corpus vile* on which the Kaiser practised these sartorial experiments, and became, as a result, in considerable quantities, the vile corpse to which they condemned him. Perhaps the real truth is that in 1914 the Kaiser metaphorically lost his head; and the ultimate truth that in 19— something else he will actually lose it.

HEIR TO—CONSTANTINOPLE

The latest photograph of the Tsarevitch, in the uniform of a Russian private soldier. Heir already to a vast Empire, to be added to as the result of this war, he is also heir to the affections of an enlightened and progressive people, amongst whom his father is idolised

The Wonders of "Wireless"—

A great impression seems to have been made on the mind of one of the party of journalists who have lately been paying an "officially conducted" visit to our patrol boats by the "wireless messages continually coming and going" between the various boats composing the patrol. Inexplicable to the non-expert, the marvel of "wireless" is naturally impressive: the suggestion of messages of vast—nay, vital—import being flashed from ship to ship is a never-failing wonder.

—And Its Secrets!

Whether the journalist in question would have been equally impressed had he been able to interpret the messages which passed between the boat he was in and her "next astern" may, however, be doubted. They ran as follows:

11 A.M. (*a quarter of an hour after starting*)

H.M.T.B.D. "SPLASH" TO H.M.T.B.D. "CRASH": "Is journalist sick yet?"

H.M.T.B.D. "CRASH" TO H.M.T.B.D. "SPLASH": "Not yet."

11.15 A.M.

H.M.T.B.D. "SPLASH" TO H.M.T.B.D. "CRASH": "Is journalist sick yet?"

H.M.T.B.D. "CRASH" TO H.M.T.B.D. "SPLASH": "No."

11.30 A.M.

H.M.T.B.D. "SPLASH" TO H.M.T.B.D. "CRASH": "Is journalist sick yet?"

H.M.T.B.D. "CRASH" TO H.M.T.B.D. "SPLASH": "Journalist now sick."

Sic

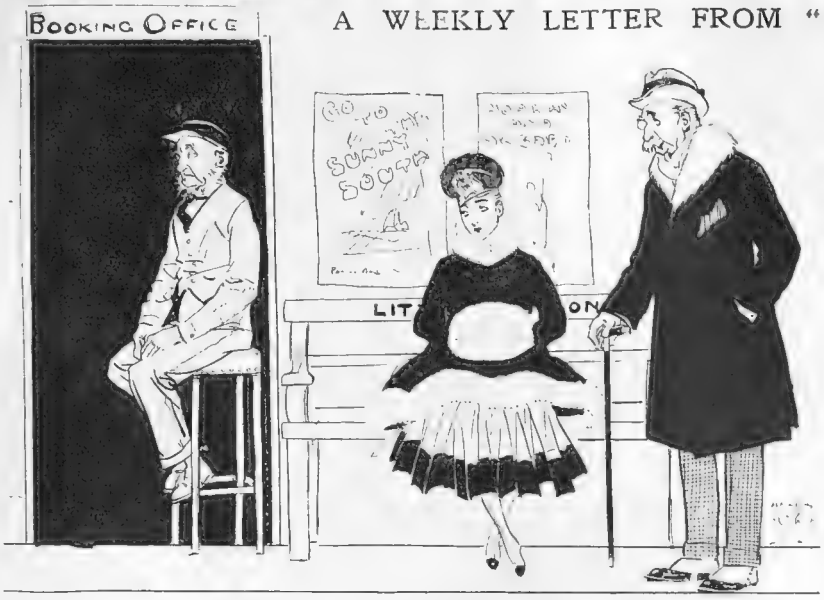
So runs the yarn as it reaches us. We thought that journalists never got sick about anything, since a merciful providence and the shortness of the public memory seldom compel them to eat their own words; though, no doubt, some of the other things they swallow can't be very good for them. But, if the story is true one at least of that party will probably be almost as sick now as he was during his adventurous voyage.

The Game of "Progressive Pax"

As played by the German female, Fräulein Friede, here portrayed. We have already witnessed rounds 1 and 2, the others will follow in due course

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"



"Lucky to get a train at all"

LONDON, *January* 8, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

ONCE again, before it's too late—for nothing's deader than Christmas, is it, when it's all over?—a thousand thanks for all the delightful cards and letters, full of charming sentiments, sent me by the Forces at home, abroad, and on the high seas. I was so pleased. It was so nice getting them—extra nice this time, I think.

FOR Christmas, 1916, so dimmed by memories, took some living through. Only the most courageous and the most fluffy managed to be really cheery. The rest of us stayed quietly at home, or, like the new Government, went on with our work as usual, avoiding "the old joy-places full of ghosts," thanking whatever gods there be for the little respite, bracing ourselves up to face another year of war and hoping that there wouldn't be any more Christmases in it, anyway.

IT was well put, wasn't it, the new Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's appreciation of our marvellous new Army: "That these troops should have accomplished so much under such conditions constitutes a feat of which the history of the nation records no equal. The difficulties and hardships cheerfully overcome, and the endurance, determination, and invincible courage shown in meeting them, can hardly be imagined by those who have not had personal experience of battle, even though they have themselves seen something of war."

IT'S one of these New Army men, by the way, one much more dreamer than soldier, who gave up much to join in the great adventure, who writes: "I expect you're tired of hearing tales of the appallingness of things out here. As for me, I am more sincerely convinced than ever that we are all mad. If it would be possible to preserve a square mile of this part that I am in, as it stands to-day, and keep it as an object lesson for future generations (I don't think the present one will need any more object lessons), it would do more to prove the idiocy and futile hideousness of modern war than all the historians and cinema syndicates.

"THE only possible good that can survive will be to individuals. We shall all be better for it, those that come through. For one thing, every man will appreciate the comforts which he took as a matter of course, and hardships will have no terrors for him. For here we touch bottom—with the exception of food, which is quite good and plentiful, though *minus* bread and vegetables. My home is 3ft. 6in. in its widest part, and is entered through a hole in the ground just large enough to struggle through. We have plenty of company in the way of lice and rats. The former thrive and multiply on all the various nostrums concocted with a view to their discomfort and demise. For the latter, their only use is that they squeak when the Hun sends over a gas-shell, thus warning us to get our helmets on."

WELL, if out of all this welter of awfulness *any* good comes at all, even if only to individuals, something will have been gained, won't it? It's one of the most dreadful parts of modern war, I think, that in it man's only a machine, just an item in a great instrument of destruction—not a person at all, but part of a process, in which, as someone has said, we lose the pride and sweetness of our humanity.

THAT'S just where we're up against the Germans. We've always believed in the man rather than the process, whereas with the Hun it's the other way round. It's one of the things we're fighting for—to prove that we, and Fritz and Karl too, are men and not machines. There's a touch of that in one of those wonderful Somme films, where a German prisoner, sitting dazed among his enemies, is offered a cigarette by a British soldier. In a moment, as someone's put it, "his face is beautifully lit—lit with the sudden glory of the truth that men are men, and in their humanity triumphant over any process that would make them less than men."

I OFTEN wonder if some of us quite realise what such "touching bottom" really means to the erstwhile peaceful citizen, who before the war knew hard work and worry, perhaps, but was always sure

at least of comfort and space and cleanliness. Take just a little getting used to, I guess, that "company" aforesaid, however lively, to the man who for thirty years or so has had his bath every morning, not to mention the damp and the cold and the awful mud

"A German prisoner offered a cigarette by an English soldier"

and the variegated smells, as to whose origin it isn't well to inquire too closely.

⁂ ⁂

WE *don't* realise, of course—and a jolly good thing, I suppose, in some ways, if bad in others. There *are* things in war that don't bear realising, as everyone who's been through it will tell you, and ignorance is bliss—more or less. Still, if we had realised just a little more perhaps we shouldn't have taken nearly two and a half years of war to start in really seriously, and there mightn't have been quite so many somewhat depressing revelations of the almost unbelievable lengths and depths to which the lack of imagination and understanding can go.

⁂ ⁂

OF course, it the war goes on for ever, until we mobilise women, there'll always be a vast multitude who only dimly know that there's an awful war on, with the future of the world at stake, and even more dimly care. Only last week—when the sales started—a writer in the daily paper which women read more than any other was asking what we were to think of the swarms of women who throng Oxford Street and Regent Street every afternoon, their whole souls manifestly engrossed in the absorbing business of shopping. On the whole he came to the conclusion that it was the women, not the men, who were failing us, and it certainly was a weird war-time sight—Oxford Street on New Year's Day, the first day of our first *real* war year. Police had to marshal the serried hordes of bargain-hunting femininity into lengthy queues, and I heard of free fights at the tea-shops afterwards.

⁂ ⁂

PUTTING it more bluntly than popularly, wasn't it—considering that, I suppose, two-thirds of the whole mass of well-to-do women are numbered amongst the unemployed "swarms" he speaks of. But, poor dears, they've only danced to the tune the piper's played for them. Thinking facts out and getting below the surface of things isn't the normal woman's idea of what she was sent here below for. And with everything going on just exactly as usual, and sometimes almost more so, how, after all, were *hoi polloi* to guess that instead of winning the war we were, of course, with proper British phlegm, losing it?

⁂ ⁂

OF course, as to the going-on-as-usual part, we've changed all that—or we're going to very soon. There's the question of food alone. Rations are threatened if we don't stop feeding luxuriously and excessively, and agricultural committees are vested with hair-raising authority. They can plough up any bit of land they take a fancy to for food crops, with (or without) the owner's permission, and a pack of Hun prisoners and interned aliens is at their disposal to do the job. Apropos, I *can* see some trouble brewing. If, for instance, their avid eye falls on some of those lovely gardens which, for centuries almost, have been lavishly kept up for the delectation of their fortunate owners alone.

(Continued on page 52)

"Free fights at the tea-shops"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

EVEN now, though 1917, "the year of victory" (we hope), is only a week old, no matter *what* you are—a war-profiteer, a newspaper magnate, or even an American—you can only get your two courses for lunch at the Carlton and places (cheese, bread, butter, coffee don't count). And positively it's pathetic the way we starve on tons of sole *à la Escoffier* and monster *poulets* with *pommes de terre* and *choux-fleurs* and one or two other things *ad lib.*

❀ ❀

YOUR travels are to cost you more, and time-tables may no longer be relied upon—as a mere civilian, indeed, you'll be lucky if you get a train to anywhere any time. Pullmans are off altogether. If you *must* lunch at Brighton on Sunday you'll have to put up with the horrible discomfort of getting there first-class, I'm afraid; while that convenient caravansary, the Métropole, where once the fair and favoured so feverishly fed and frivolled, is also no longer available. Wounded British officers are installed where beauty ate and Israel paid. Really, this is *war*, isn't it?

❀ ❀

APROPOS, theatres are going stronger than ever—war and the art of Thespis seem to run in harness, don't they? And I didn't hear that they included any actresses in that last amusing appeal made to peeresses, wives of M.P.'s, etc., by the National War Savings Committee *please* to be economical, 'specially about clothes.

❀ ❀

WASTE of breath I expect they thought it'd be; and, after all, where *would* our actresses be in England now *without* clothes? Most of them make glad rags so obviously their chief prop and mainstay, and as beauty's still the greatest power in the world—in countries where no war is, anyway—who shall say they are not wise virgins? Did not the most successful actor-manager man inform me only lately: "Give me a *pretty* woman on my stage. *That's* what draws 'em!" Seemingly mere talent hasn't, as they say in America, "got anything on" the very best frocks and the prettiest face.

❀ ❀

IT really looks, though, as if the sixteen to sixty mass levy idea, if we ever carry it out, will screw the patent stopper on to even theatrical enterprise. For example, if you've strength enough to shift scenery, or fox-trot with leading ladies, or even sit at the seat of judgment in the box-office, then it'll probably be considered that a light course of munition-making won't completely do you in either. And as to those strapping wenches who pirouette and prance and preen with such persistence in revue, as I've said before—milkers and things are *very* badly wanted on the land.

❀ ❀

I CAN'T believe even Lloyd George will ever do it; but if they *do* turn down—or, rather, off—to war duties, all the pleasure and luxury-trade workers—my word, but things *will* be different, won't they? Imagine us being so in train just to win the war that there weren't any concerts or theatres or cinemas to go to; food so organised that if you'd had your lunch at Prince's, say, at one you'd not be "passed" for tea at Rumpelmayer's at four; the land so tilled and sown and laid down for "produce" that Hyde Park was a cabbage patch and Richmond one vast field "where grows the waving corn"; the country so levied on for soldiers and munition-workers that there weren't any servants, and only those shops left running which sold the most absolute war-time necessities.

❀ ❀

IT sounds rather drastic, but these are drastic days—or ought to be—and certainly nothing less than the most drastic measures imaginable are going to bring it properly home to us here in England what tremendous efforts and what vast sacrifices are still required before the curtain comes down on this appalling war. All very well for the battle-fighters to be cheerful — they're doing their utmost, and no man can do more. But it's so far from *our* utmost that *we've* been doing at home—up to the present, anyway — that I can't see it's altogether in the picture, quite so much cheeriness; in fact, with everything being done for us I'm not sure it isn't rather cheek. Reminiscent of the stay-at-homes who moved to abolish the Army's rum ration. Don't they ever even guess what it's really like "out there"?

"The rats squeak and warn us to get our gas-helmets on"

❀ ❀

A VERY nice thing in trench magazines, by the way, is the 5th Glo'ster's delightful Christmas number, received with many thanks and read with much interest. My "collection" of trench papers is a very priceless one, and grows more so. As the *Times* says: "These little trench papers will teach future generations how joyously a race of athletes, without banners or music or gay uniforms, addressed themselves to their tragic task. Time in its passing will ennoble all these ephemeral things—until they shall be seen in ages to come *sub specie æternitatis* and have for a remote posterity the beauty of memorial."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Head of the Red Cross in Italy

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA

This charming photograph, sent to us by the Marchesa Lomellini di Tabarca, is of the Duchess of Aosta, sister to the Duke of Orleans and the ex-Queen of Portugal, and wife of the Duke of Aosta, heir-presumptive to the throne of Italy, and now commanding Italy's army on the Isonzo front. The Duchess has for many months been at the head of the Italian Red Cross, and is doing an incredible amount of real hard work in connection with that splendid institution. Her charm and true sympathy are only equalled by her powers of organisation; and she wins all hearts

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

PAIN OF PATRIOTISM

CHER AMI—

JACQUES, *mon beau garçon*, I have another queer story to tell you this week, and, as well as being queer, it is true. So clear your mind of its 1917 scepticism and remember that there are more things in heaven and earth than are developed in your photography!

❀ ❀

CHANCE, a while ago, threw me up against a man in Paris who had a tale to tell. When Providence sent him into my room he was sick at heart, and mindful to return to his own country, America. I and those about me were polite to him because he seemed a good chap, and we said, in effect, "What is your trouble?" He thereupon produced a bottle containing a whitish fluid, laid it on our table, and said: "That will cure the pain of an open wound." We raised our eyebrows at each other, and mentally cursed the man who had let this maniac in. One of us, however, a doctor, with a long sight and a clear judgment of men and things, looked keenly at this mad American, smelt the cork, rapped out one or two highly technical questions, and then ordered us all out of the room. That night the doctor and I sat up until three in the morning. He told me that our Yankee visitor claimed to have invented a *local* anæsthetic, non-toxic in its effects, non-deleterious to the system, and an absolute preventive against shock. I have seen enough of wounds to know what this means, and I was staggered at the possibilities of the thing. We had both been importuned at one time or another by Americans with something to sell, and I was openly sceptical, being of immature judgment. But this American chemist was of a different calibre to those others. He had the quiet, composed manner of the man who knows what he is talking about. Moreover, he had been subjected by my doctor friend to a cross-examination in surgical technique, out of which he had emerged unruffled, and with much on the credit side; in short, B—— was impressed.

❀ ❀

ALL the American asked for, apparently, was to be given a chance to prove his claim. "I don't want to be taken on trust," he said; "give me an open wound, a painful dressing, and I will cure the pain of it to the patient instantly." We were in France, you will understand, and there was no difficulty about that. It was up to us, in the cause of humanity alone, to give this man a show. Circumstances indicated that I was to be drawn into this affair, being the only person among a crowd of French surgeons and nurses who could speak the two languages. Fortunately, I am immune from the layman's horror of an operating theatre, and I had "been there before."

❀ ❀

I HAD a friend at the surgical court, and we went next day to one of your largest military hospitals, with the American at our side in the car and scepticism in our hearts. The greatest surgeon in France received me with a laugh. "You are mad, you English; as for the Americans—pouf!" But, at our urgent request, he opened the door wide to us. I, an obvious layman, was stared at by surgeons and nurses in covert astonishment, and only emerged from obscurity to translate. The great surgeon had come in buttoning up his coat, and taking in every detail with his quick black eyes. Thereafter a king reigned on his throne.

❀ ❀

WHAT we did was done successfully; that is to say, we applied the American's fluid to the raw surface of an unspeakable wound, and the patient had instant relief for the first day of many dreadful days. In the absolutely necessary surgical ministrations which followed *he felt nothing*. That in itself speaks more than any pen of mine or yours can convey. The ignorant will ask why, where pain was inevitable, choroform was not administered? You cannot give chloroform daily to a patient whose pulse is 110, whose heart-beats are as a clock slowing down. But dress his wound you must for his ultimate healing. If you can do this while the nerve-racked patient reads, undisturbed, *Le Petit Parisien*, then you will have attained greatness in his eyes and in the eyes of all those who follow him down the same *Via Dolorosa*. The American had proved his words beyond a shadow of doubt; but he did not shout or wave his arms in the theatre and say "I told you so." All he wanted, and obtained, was a chance to demonstrate. Now he is not a Carnegie or a John D. Rockefeller, this young American, and so I find no difficulty in understanding his desire to sell the product of his mind and hands. He should give it away, you say? Why? Would *you?* I don't think so! We have all got to live, haven't we?

❀ ❀

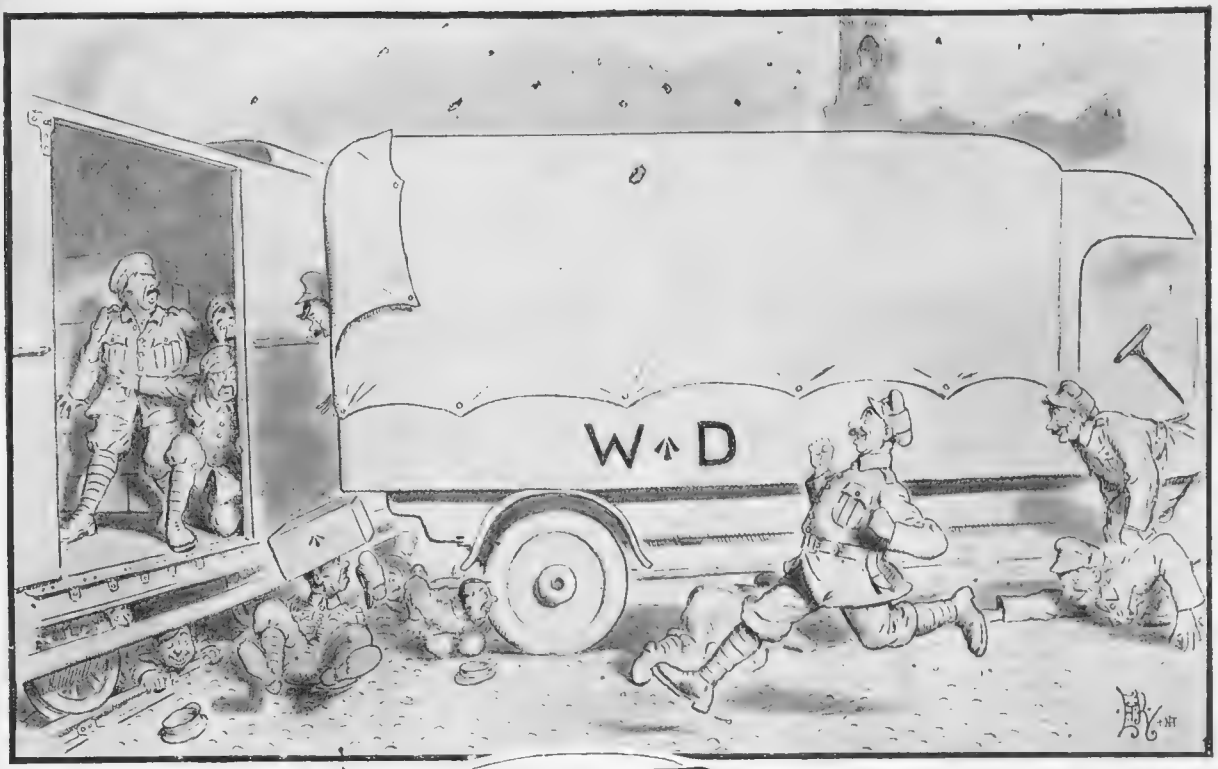
HE is now engaged, with steadfastness of purpose, in breaking down, one by one, the shibboleths of professional etiquette, with which, for reasons unexplained to mere laymen, the medical mind is obsessed from the date of its qualification. He has suffered taunts and gibes; he has been dubbed "charlatan," "quack-medicine-man," and the hundred and one epithets that are hurled at all who endeavour to break down rust-coated barriers of custom. But in spite of opposition he progresses steadily towards his assured end. Many of your men and our men have been treated, and are being treated; and all without exception testify, in a superlative of words, coined by pain, to the wonder of the fluid. You, and others, will hear more of it anon. Next week I will write you of one little wayside incident on the long road of war. It bears upon our friend and his work, and, moreover, it is true, as this is.

Ton dévoué,

JOHN

Hope

(With apologies to the late G. F. Watts, R.A.)



Extract from letter from the Front: "We are so used to shrapnel now that we take no notice of it"

Shrapnel Pars

KING TINO is reported to have offered to abdicate "if the sacrifice will aid my unfortunate country." That "if" shows once more how closely he has modelled himself on his Imperial brother-in-law, even in the matter of unconscious humour.

THE *Kölnische Zeitung* (which should change its name to the *Jobische Komfortur*) tells its readers that they ought not to murmur at their food shortage, since "they should remember that their forefathers actually starved under the stress of war." *That* ought to buck them up, anyway!

AN even better example of the delightful *naïveté* of Brother Boche is the declared resolve of Germany to veto any discussion about the responsibility for the war as a condition of any peace conference To Bill Sikes, the question "Who cracked the crib?" must always seem uncalled-for and impertinent

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Mail* protests against the overcrowding of the tube stations "on these evenings of darkness and often fog, which, with some little organisation by those in authority, could be avoided." Now then, Mr. Lloyd George, hurry up with the appointment of that Fog Controller!

AMONG recently appointed J.P.'s is one who for seventeen years acted as a signalman on the London and South Western Railway. Evidently a man of points, and not one to be ashamed of the levers by which he raised himself to his present position.

"NO man," according to a sententious London magistrate, "has a right to tell his wife that her mother shall not come into her home." And even if he *had* the right, what earthly difference would that make?

THE Prussian Minister of Justice has requested the inmates of the State Prisons to volunteer for active service. We understand it will be a "pals" battalion, and that little Willie will take command.

THE persistent prosecutions of "mediums" and mystics just now seem to give colour to the report that the Government has decided on the total prohibition of spirits for the duration of the war.

"I DON'T THINK."
—CENSOR

ALIVE shell, it is reported, has been found on the South-Eastern line. No one knows how it got there: last place you'd expect to find a live anything.

IT was complained the other day, before the West Lothian tribunal, that a rejected man had been sixteen times "called up." In this case, the military authorities seem to have been put on to the wrong number with more than the usual persistency.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR says that the Prime Minister is the Danton of his day. The late Prime Minister, no doubt, was "the Wait-and-See-green incorruptible" of *his* day.

A CHINAMAN has invented a typewriter for his own language. It uses 4,000 characters. Just in time for the Peace Note craze!

THE Dutch Government have issued an Orange Book, in which are recorded the various unfriendly actions towards Holland of which the Germans have been guilty. The fact that it is an Orange Book denotes that the House of that ilk is getting the pip.

Boschfully Speaking

By a Contributor Spiritually Domiciled in Berlin

Moral Uplift

IN the opinion of Paul Rohrbach, as reported in the Düsseldorf "General Anzeiger," three fields are eagerly awaiting German Kultur. One is Africa,

"Where a Colonial Empire must be formed out of the three

"THE GERMAN SPIRIT"

or four German colonies, where an immense amount of natural wealth and native labour is available. *It is our duty to anticipate the English by taking possession of these regions in order to imbue the negro with the German spirit of forward and upward progress.*"

"FORWARD AND UPWARD PROGRESS"

Confucius Confounded

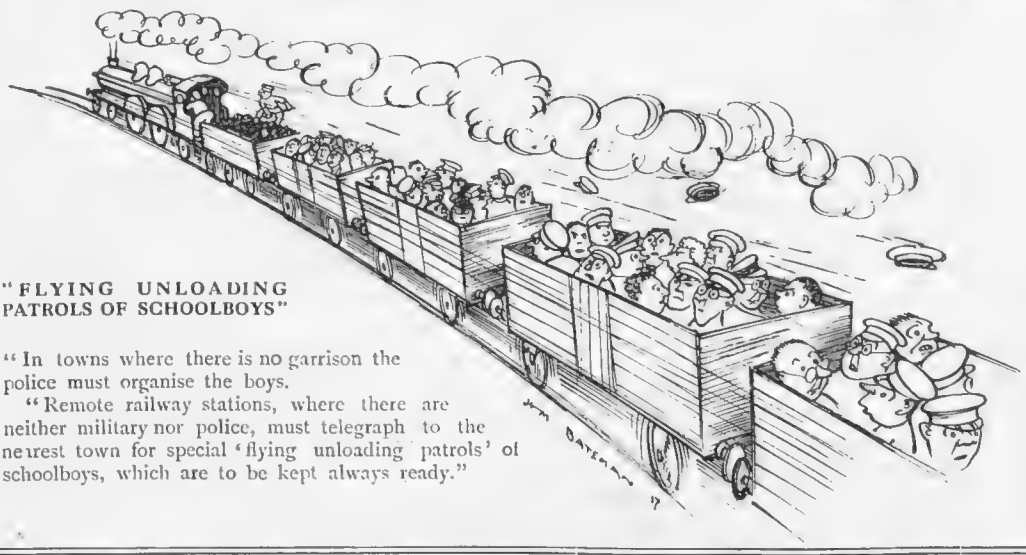
THE second field is, of course, the Near East, where the fruit is ripe for German culture. Lastly in China,

"We come across the principle which is also ours, viz., the principle of the wisdom of Confucius and Kant (sic), that culture and together with it the State rest upon the force of arms. *This conception brings us nearer to the Chinese than any other Western nation, to the majority of whom the State is but a night watchman.* Externally the Chinese may

"NEARER TO THE CHINESE"

seem alien to us in culture, but internally there is every possibility of the approximation, of which we must avail ourselves."

"EXTERNALLY, THE CHINESE SEEM ALIEN TO US"



"FLYING UNLOADING PATROLS OF SCHOOLBOYS"

"In towns where there is no garrison the police must organise the boys.

"Remote railway stations, where there are neither military nor police, must telegraph to the nearest town for special 'flying unloading patrols' of schoolboys, which are to be kept always ready."

This page consists of actual quotations from German papers, illuminated by the wit of Mr. H. M. Bateman. The letterpress, in fact, is "made in Germany"; the illustrations are of "entirely British manufacture"

A Whimsical Diary: No. V.

"BILLETS AND EQUIPMENT." BY "WILL OF THE WISPSHIRES"

A VERITABLE library has been written about billets, and the question of where one will lay one's head on one's first night as a soldier is always perturbing. The thing to bear well in mind is that wherever you may sleep you might be worse off. There is no bottom to the pit of billeting possibility.

⁂ ⁂

MY own billet might have been a palace, it might have been a stable loft or a rat-infested barn. It was neither, but merely a hall. Our headquarters are in a small town that must, in peace-time, have been a Cranks' Paradise, for it abounds in halls named after the various attributes of the higher civilisation. We have a Unity Hall, a Liberty Hall, a Fraternity Hall, a Hope Hall, a Glory Hall, a Probity Hall, and a Purity Hall. Mine was the last-named—happily so, in anticipation of the language and conversation of its present occupants.

⁂ ⁂

AS to uniform, it would need a Carlyle to do full justice to the part played by clothes in the transformation of the civilian. After our first breakfast—to which we march, after parade at seven—we proceed to the quartermaster's stores to receive our equipment. It is a short enough march, but full of significance. One knows who it is that will enter that depôt, but not who it is that will come out (assuming you to don your khaki there and then, and not to carry it to your billet). I felt that I knew pretty well the men in mufti who had been with me at the depôt, in the train, at mess, and in billet; but I certainly did not know them when they were in khaki. They were different beings As for myself—I certainly didn't know *that* fellow, when I caught a glance at him in a passing mirror.

What it feels like when you go to meet your best girl after joining a kilted regiment

⁂ ⁂

THE Army is concerned not so much to fit a uniform on to a given soldier as to fit a soldier into a given uniform. It has so many tunics, trousers, boots, etc., etc., on hand inside; outside are so many recruits. It desires not so much that uniforms shall fit recruits as recruits uniforms. My own figure being, as they used to say in the Rue de la Paix, "*un peu difficile, monsieur,*" I seriously annoyed the Army by proving unamenable to the advances of no fewer than three tunics in succession, and as for the fourth, they forced it upon me, dead against my own better judgment, with the result that, in the afternoon, I was singled out by the C.O. himself, before the whole battalion, as a horrible example of how a soldier should not be dressed. I will say nothing about trousers, for their defects of cut are concealed by puttees. Towards one's overcoat one is forgiving, for the worst of 'em's warm and has capacious pockets.

⁂ ⁂

OH, the immense number of things that have to be stuffed into a soldier's pockets if his life is to be even tolerable when away for any length of time from his billet! Here is a carefully audited account of the contents of my own at the moment of writing:

Cutlery wallet,
Daily newspaper,
Flask of censored beverage,
Packet of cigarettes,
Boxes of matches,
Jack knife,
Bottle of Russian oil,
Oily rag,
Wash leather,
Metal polish tin,
Leather polish tin,
Gloves,
Mittens,
Note book (official),
Diary (private),
Infantry Training,
Musketry Regulations,
Pair of gymnasium shoes,
Biscuits,
Private documents,
Writing case,
Cheque book,
Handkerchiefs, etc., etc.

But I'm told it's ten times worse at the front.

⁂ ⁂

I WAS lucky about boots, though. I revenged myself on the people who had provided my tunic by appropriating two of the very best pairs of boots visible. Then I came into my belt. This was of a shininess that was my pride. I felt a plutocrat with that belt and those boots—one who had great possessions; and when they gave me also a new and clean-looking rifle I felt like a Lazarus converted into Dives. The joy in riches does not last, however. It is not long before Dives is converted into Atlas. Veritably a world is laid upon his shoulders. Each day lays on the recruit a new burden. After the belt come the pouches and their attendant straps, with the bayonet in its sheath. Then will come the marching kit, consisting of water-bottle, haversack, and kitbag, into which is rolled one's overcoat. Later there will be trenching tools added, and finally, somewhere in France, one reaches the complete Atlas stage as depicted in Bairnsfather's Christmas Section picture of Private Lightfoot, who is convinced that, after all, this is going to be a war of exhaustion.

"W. O. W."

Cleaning Up "German East"

With the pertinacious and victorious army of General Smuts in German East Africa. Sunset over Zanzibar

In their retreat the German forces have naturally destroyed all means of transport as far as possible, but the Engineers with General Smuts' force are equal to all emergencies. This photograph shows an ox convoy passing over a bridge which they have reconstructed

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

GENERAL J. C. SMUTS, K.C.

The devoted and successful leader of the Empire's forces in the East African campaign. His name appears in the list of New Year Honours; and no man better deserves the honour given to him

"Somewhere in Flanders"

HUMPHREY

By JACK JOHNSON

My Dear Bystander—

It has been said with much truth that the Evil One finds mischief for idle hands to do, as Duscombe, who commands an A Battery somewhere on the British front, has had occasion to appreciate. It was not a very thrilling life for Duscombe. Stuck near a small village some miles behind the lines, where the only hostile aeroplane ever known to have come within range was one which had lost its way, he found himself a martyr to the most excruciating boredom. Having fed the pig, censored a bundle of his men's letters, and cut out Herouault's weekly masterpiece from the latest *Vie Parisienne*, there remained nothing but to sink into a deck chair and relapse into a condition of restful torpor until such time as the body should cry out for its periodical sustenance in the shape of nourishing ration beef and delicious plum and apple jam.

❀ ❀

He was about to carry out the usual routine when he suddenly remembered that Humphrey lay still unburied. It should be explained that Humphrey was a tame hawk formerly in the possession of the local cobbler, who, having recently decided to migrate to a healthier locality, had presented his pet to Duscombe before leaving, in grateful recognition of the fact that Duscombe was one of the very few clients with whom he had never had to haggle. A few days after arriving in his new home Humphrey had contracted the grippe, and, sinking into a rapid decline, passed peacefully away in the night, mourned by all who knew him.

❀ ❀

It was while dolefully inspecting Humphrey's corpse that the tempter whispered in the ear of Duscombe. What the voice said was "why not write out a few long illegible words in German letters on a piece of thin paper, sign the message Von Hauptmann, fix the message on Humphrey's leg with a carrier ring, and present Humphrey to the local Intelligence Officer with the information that you shot him yesterday afternoon, and you think the I.O. ought to be informed."

It was a stupid thing, of course, to contemplate, even for a moment, but then Duscombe was very young. He was also fond of innocent fun, absolutely fed-up with loafing, and, moreover, Sewetson, the I.O., was the sort of fellow who'd believe anything. Also, times being slack, it would please him tremendously.

❀ ❀

He was quite right about the last part. The delight of Sewetson on the production of Humphrey was almost pathetic to behold. It was, he said, a problem of extraordinary interest, the solution of which, he was sure, would disclose information of the highest value, information which might even affect the whole plan of operations, and he congratulated Duscombe warmly on his good fortune in shooting the bird, and thanked him almost with tears in his eyes for the promptitude and good sense he had shown in reporting to him at once. He wished everybody was like Duscombe. In his, the I.O.'s, opinion, everything pointed to the fact that the enemy was getting hard up for carrier pigeons, and was training hawks for the job. It was a most encouraging sign. The message, however, seemed to worry him a lot; he couldn't make a word of it out. Duscombe was then cross-examined in detail as to how he shot the bird, how it was flying, how it fell when shot, whether sideways or upside down, and so forth for the best part of half an hour by the clock.

❀ ❀

Three days passed, and Duscombe had almost forgotten all about Humphrey and the I.O., when he received a memo. from Brigade Headquarters: "With reference to the hawk with message in German shot by you on the 8th December, please report here at 3 p.m." With a sinking feeling in the stomach Duscombe presented himself at Brigade H.Q., with the full determination of confessing everything at the first opportune moment, but at the sight of the Brigadier—a strong, silent man with a very red neck and a cold eye—his courage oozed out entirely, and in a nervous, jerky fashion he found himself corroborating all the bunkum he had recounted to Sewetson.

Brigade H.Q. thought it very interesting, thanked Duscombe, and sent him back to his battery.

❀ ❀

Three days later he received a telegram from Divisional H.Q. It read: "A.A.A. Please report here immediately reference hawk shot by you. A.A.A."

Divisional H.Q. though it very interesting, thanked Duscombe, and sent him back to his battery.

❀ ❀

Four days later an urgent signal arrived for Duscombe from Corps Headquarters. With twitching fingers he tore it open, and read: "Report Corps H.Q. at once reference hawk shot by you at recent date."

Corps H.Q. thought it very interesting, thanked Duscombe, and sent him back to his battery.

❀ ❀

It became evident to all who came in daily contact with Duscombe that a great change was coming over him. His step, once so buoyant and elastic, degenerated into a slovenly crawl, his merry laugh gave way to a surly growl, he shaved every other day, and for the first time in his life suffered from flashes before the eyes, tightness after eating, and all the usual symptoms. However, he seemed to be rallying a little last Friday, and was on the point of shaving for the third consecutive morning, when his sergeant-major appeared before him: "Intelligence G.H.Q. have rung up, sir, with reference to a hawk. . . ."

That same evening they took him away raving in an ambulance.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson

Still Keeping His Hand In

PASSED BY CENSOR

Private Smith (late Shinio, the popular juggler) appreciably lowers the protective value of his section's shrapnel helmets by practising his celebrated plate and basin spinning act

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

In Germa

MEMBER OF QUEUE: "Yes—that's the Food Dictato

ıny—Now

ɔr, who tells us how much food we've got to eat"

An "Extra Special" Page

THE LATEST EDITION

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

AN ATTRACTIVE PORTRAIT OF MISS DOLLY SANGSTER

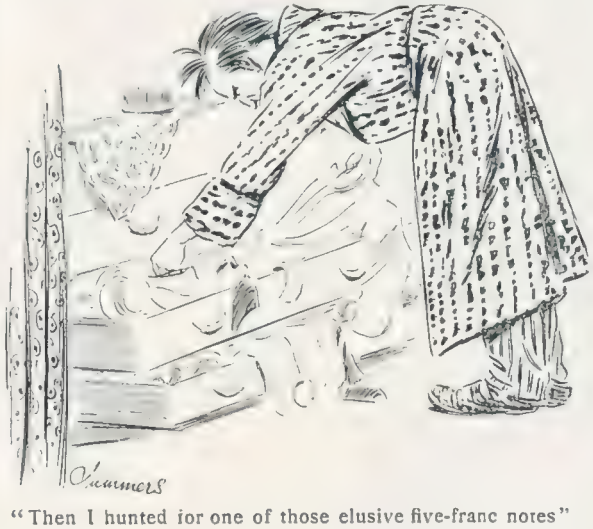
In "Extra Special," now on tour, in which her "newsboy" impersonation is an altogether admirable achievement

The Bystander in PARIS

"FOR THE DURATION"

OUR tame Belgian came into the bedroom and announced a visitor. "*Monsieur, c'est un Monsieur, savez vous!*" she said. I sent her back to him in my best Belgian, and, I fear, a little crossly, for it is annoying to be hurried out of the one warm place in the house on a freezing war-morning in December to interview a request for New Year's gifts. Josephine returned presently with a large visiting-card, on which was inscribed:

MONSIEUR X——
Ingénieur, Électricité, Gaz, Charbons, Pommes de Terre, Sucre, Etc., pendant la durée de la guerre.



"Then I hunted for one of those elusive five-franc notes"

Evidently a man of many attributes, I thought; and as I hurried into warm clothes I stopped suddenly and laughed aloud. Then I hunted for one of those elusive little five-franc notes which are so difficult to find these days, for I remembered X——. He used to call me his *cher confrère* in pre-war days, and ask me to give publicity to certain works of his which did not get, he considered, the newspaper notice which they deserved. I remembered him particularly as the author of a learned treatise on "The Ratio Between the Succulence and the Velocity of the Edible Snail," and I remembered, too, that any interview with him had usually terminated in a request for a small loan. So I hunted up a five-franc note and tucked it into a convenient pocket. I didn't want to have to hurry back into a cold room to get it. And the war news was not cheering that morning, so I would not forgo a few moments' light conversation with Monsieur X——. He was always original, and he was probably hungry.

HE was not hungry. He was a transfigured X——. He looked ludicrously prosperous. He exuded warmth and good living. "It goes well, then?" I asked him. "As you see," said he, beaming. "My dear," said X—— (he knows a few words of English, which language he loves to ill-treat in conversation), "I have discovered a new profession." "Given up writing?" I asked. "No more snails?" The gesture with which he sent snails and their relative velocity and succulence to perdition was a marvel of eloquence. "*Alors?*" I asked. "*Voilà!*" said X——, and struck an attitude. "If you wish to buy coal," he said, "what happens?" "You go on wishing," said I. "*Parfaitement!*" said X——. "Or sugar, or potatoes?" I nodded sadly. "What will you? It is the war!" I said. "*Parfaitement!* Exactly so!" said X—— again. "And if your gas goes wrong, and if you want something to keep the draughts out, and if you want an indiarubber hot-water bottle mended, *mon ami*, or a thousand and one of the other little necessary things done which are so often needed in a house——? *Qu'est ce que vous voulez, c'est la guerre!*" "Yes," I said, "that's all very true. But—excuse me, *cher ami*, for asking—where do you come in?" "But it is there precisely," clamoured X——, "I *do* come in, me! Early in the war, I have sat down and think. There was so little else to do. But I have think to some purpose! I have said to myself 'presently everything will be wanted, and there will be not of nothing! The future is to the man who sees before.'" "Foresees," I whispered. "Sees before, foresees, it is all one! It is the cart outside the horse, but *toute même chose!* 'Well I,' I said, 'will be the overseer, the man who sees before—I, X——!' Behold me!" "And?" I asked. "How, then?" he said, "do you not understand? Think just a minute! To-day it is very cold and you will want coal, but you have no coal. But in July, my little one, in August, and in September it has been warm, and you did not want coal. Nobody have want coal in July, August, and September, but I (I, X——) have

(Continued on page 66)

Mons. X——

"'Given up writing?' I asked. 'No more snails?'"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

remember the proverb of the ant and the cricket. I have not play cricket in the summer; I have been the ant, and gathered up the coal. You will want coal now? *Voilà!* My summer coal has winter prices. And the same of potatoes, and of sugar, and such things. Oh, if I had the money and the storage facilities of a Government! One would see then!" "And what about the winter now?" I said. "See before always," beamed X——. "Plant early wheat now, plant potatoes presently." "Yes, and labour?" I said. "*Ces braves soldats*, our *poilus*, and your Tommies are providing labour every day," he said. "You mean——?" "I mean the prisoners, by blue!" he answered. "Then you think?" I said. "I think," said he, "I am a crocodile—an alligator—pardon, how should I say, an allegory? I mean that I—I, X—— (behold me!)—represent what should be your Government and ours; I mean that to govern it is to see before! It is to think what is to happen and then to do the necessary to prevent unhappiness when it does happen. For the transport of coal, and of food, ships on a free sea. But first the ships ready, not afterwards in a hurry. A bird in the hand is better than a five-course dinner which you must not eat. It profits little to say 'You may not light your houses more than a little.' It profits more to have the coal in readiness for when you want to use it. To be economical is sometimes necessary, but how much more necessary to obviate the harassments of economy." "So what you really mean," I said——. X—— stood very close to me, laid hold of a button of mine with his left hand, and placed his right forefinger on the long, bony ridge of his aquiline nose. It gave him an indefinably knowing expression. "What I mean is," he said, "if the pickles do not please you, taste the sauce. This is no time for too much mixed pickles, believe me, my dear. We all want a little of the sauce now, *sauce piquante*." "Then you think," I said, "that the twenty-three——!" He put his finger to his lips. "*Chut!*" he said (which is the French for "hush"). "This is war-time, my dear, and there is a common censor, *que diable!*"

"We all want a little of the sauce now—sauce piquante"

*

THE interlude was well worth the five francs, and I'm not sure that X—— is not a benefactor of humanity. He accepted the five francs, by the way, he explained, as a provision against the future.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

NAILING HIM DOWN

"How are you getting on at your end, old man?"
"Not half bad. And you, too? Right oh! Stick to it

"The Silent Service"

PASSED BY CENSOR

A STUDY AT OUR SMOKING CONCERT

BY ARTHUR WATTS

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Puss in New Boots" at Drury Lane

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

In preparing this season's pantomime Mr. Arthur Collins has considered to advantage the rival attractions of opposition entertainments. The modern "revue," for instance, which embodies most of the features of the old-fashioned pantomime, now flourishes all the year round. While retaining, therefore, the threads of the romantic fairy tale, which tradition regards as indispensable to a real Christmas pantomime, Mr. Collins has most successfully contrived to make this year's pantomime all things to all men. If you are looking for "revue" in its most distinguished and diverting form, or for a splash of up-to-date musical comedy, or for a pantomime of pageantry that beats all records even of Drury Lane, Mr. Collins's chameleon-like entertainment supplies the goods—just as the adroit conjuror will pour from a single bottle into the glasses of his many guests the particular moisture of each one's fancy. Drury Lane pantomime this year is a silver shield of entertainment that presents different aspects to different observers, and is diverting for all.

❀

Mr. Will Evans, as the jovial Baron, is the chief humorist of the production, and he is ably supported by Mr. Robert Hale and the loose-jointed Mr. Stanley Lupino, who seems to be made up of funny-bones. With Mr. Hale, who in due course develops into quite a lovely Baroness, Mr. Evans probes the esoteric mysteries of the ordinary gas-stove in the baronial kitchen. I am told that all the best people are doing this sort of thing just now, as the servants are away making munitions or getting married in haste to lovers on "leaf," and then living in retirement on their incomes from the Government. I have known a gas-stove do many unexpected things, but the gas-stove at Drury Lane breaks all records by turning itself into a tank of the most aggressive kind and butting its way through the kitchen wall. Whenever I have handled a gas-stove myself I have always expected it to tear itself from me by way of the ceiling.

❀

Another uproarious scene is that in which Mr. Evans and Mr. Lupino try their 'prentice hands at laying a carpet and hanging a very ordinary window-blind. As it appears that we shall all be doing our own domestic work soon, we have here a very useful object lesson in how not to do it. After all, the secret of success in life is to learn by other people's mistakes; and if these two genial workmen left a possible error uncommitted I for one did not notice it. This scene was clearly to the taste of the vast audience, some of whom, guided, perhaps, by their own experience in such contingencies, laughed in correct anticipation of the wrong thing that was about to be done.

❀

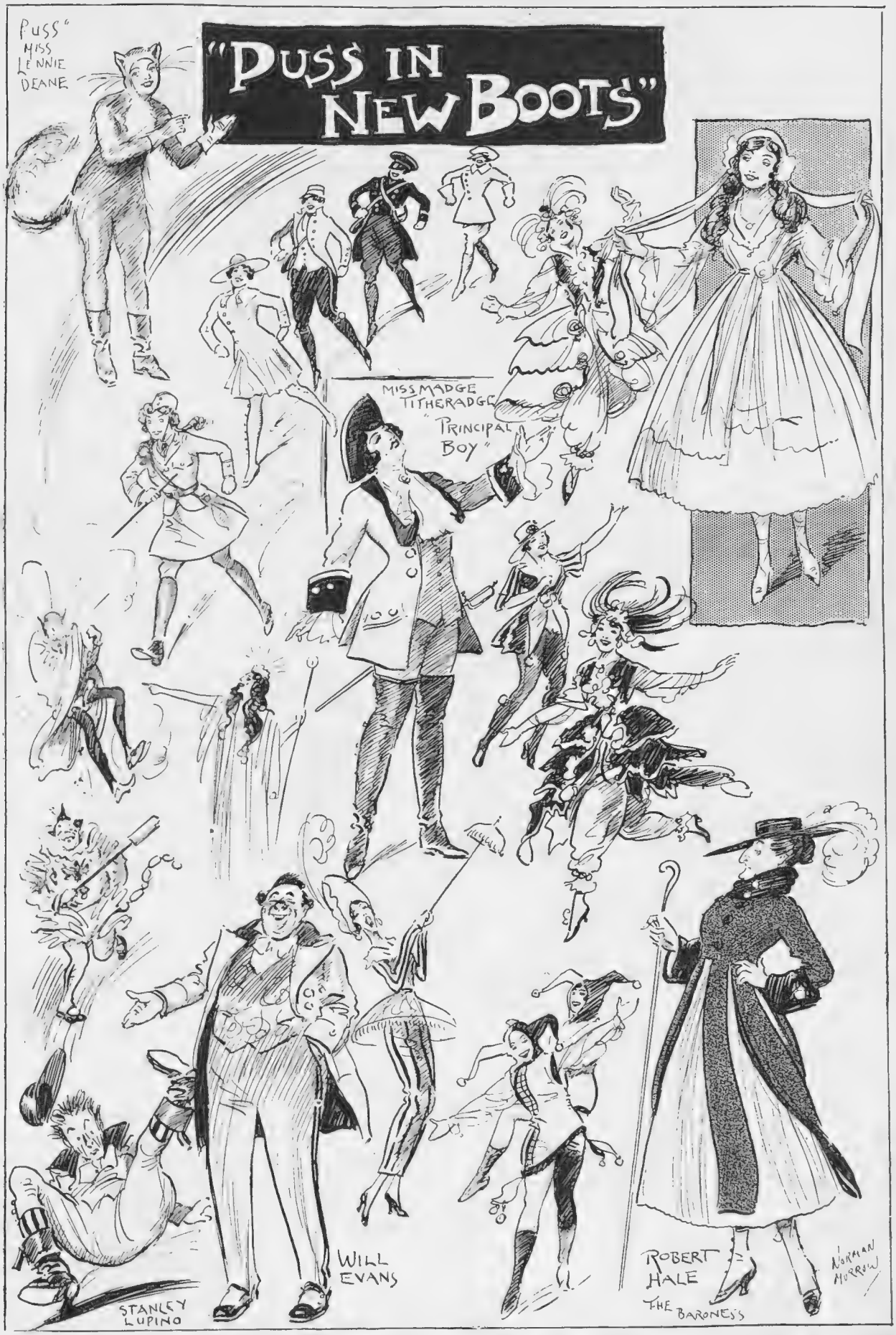
The romantic part of the entertainment is most adequately represented by Miss Madge Titheradge as the handsome and dashing hero. Miss Titheradge's fine performance as the motor-cyclist in leather legs, who was a feature of the autumn drama, is still a vivid and joyous memory; and it was to be foreseen that she would bring to the part of the hero more than the usual energy and genius of the average "principal boy." Her recitation of Mr. Noyes's fine poem, "A Song of England," took the house by storm, and gave agreeable evidence that it is possible to be patriotic and dignified at the same time. The heroine is once more happily represented by Miss Florence Smithson, whose bird-like voice and dainty ways make her the ideal "principal girl" of a fairy pantomime.

❀

The spectacular tradition of Drury Lane is well sustained by the remarkable scene entitled "The Hall of Fantasy." Apart from the merely mechanical skill of the illusion, it is governed by a taste and beauty that make it the last word in modern stage effect. After much else that is beautiful and diverting, the final pageant of Shakespeare comes as a splendid revelation of its own to prove that Mr. Arthur Collins need fear no competitors in the world of entertainment to-day.

Jingle

A Drury Lane Dream of Delight



"Puss in New Boots" is the greatest of all Drury Lane Pantomimes. The stage is studded with 'stars'; the laughter is loud and long; the pageants are perfectly peacocky; and the children are charmed and cheery

Bystander Super-Scoops: By "Qu'importe?"

No. II. To-day's Personal Pulp

This is absolutely the most exclusive Personal Pulp ever excluded or exuded. No paper has ever published anything like it except the halfpenny picture papers, and our man's super-pulp simply leaves their pulp dead cold. Our man goes everywhere and knows everybody. Anybody he doesn't know he absolutely seems to know better than those he does know. He is so perpetually in the swim that he has to wear a Gieve waistcoat night and day to keep himself from drowning in it. (Advt.) He gives you absolutely every happening that ever happened, and if enough doesn't happen to fill his space he makes far better happenings happen than otherwise could have happened. Do get to know our man. He's absolutely the super-chattiest chap that ever super-chatted. Let him loose, there! Run him out!

How Are You? Good morning. I hope we'll be friends.

[*Friendly, what?*—Ed.]

* * *

Viscount Vile I went a long motor-run with Viscount Vile yesterday morning. He got out at Piccadilly Circus and I went on to Chancery Lane.

[*Right in the swim, you see.*—Ed.]

* * *

Ida's Idiosyncrasy Ida Iodine—looking prettier than ever—was lunching at the Gritz yesterday. I noticed that she took salt with her cutlet.

[*He sees absolutely everything.*—Ed.]

* * *

Here's Hair I had my hair cut yesterday. My barber told me he was ninety-four, and he is, therefore, exempt. He lives at Balham, coming up every day by L.C.C. tram. I tipped the genial old fellow several handfuls of loose change and two postage stamps (one unused).

* * *

A Unique Collection By the way, he told me he keeps a portion of the hair of every celebrity he cuts, and asked if he might add a bit of mine to his collection. Of course I let him. I scarcely ever take away my hair clippings.

[*Absolutely reckless, isn't he?*—Ed.]

* * *

A Holborn Curiosity A blind man whose pitch is in Holborn attaches a piece of tape to his dog's collar instead of chain or string. Quaint?

* * *

Chat in Cheapside On business in the City yesterday I ran into Count Camembert, who is over here from the Italian front. He said: "Can you tell me the way to Throgmorton Street?" and I did so.

[*He'd do anything for a pal, you know*—Ed.]

* * *

Lord Lump On my way back, also, I had a few minutes with Lord Lump. Greeted by the chilly wind as we emerged from the Bond Street tube, his Lordship said: "Pouf! It's cold." I was just beside him, and said: "Pouf! Yes," and I'm sure he heard me.

* * *

A Strange Coincidence By the way, Lord Lump's younger brother would have been fifty-six next June, but, unfortunately, he died in infancy.

* * *

A Cosy Flat Halbard Holdhard, the new all-British tenor at the Tank Theatre revue, is going very strong. He has a cosy little flat in Houndsditch, where he entertains lavishly

[*I bet our man often goes there, but, of course, he doesn't swank about it.*—Ed.]

* * *

How Halbred Helps Hal. is doing splendid war-work in the intervals of delighting crowded audiences. He told me the other day—[*There, you are! I knew he knew him.*—Ed.]—that he has given up butter and goes in for margarine. He brought me a bit in his pocket between two half-crowns, and, of course, I couldn't say no. But—ugh!

[*Steady, old man, steady. Remember our advertisers.*—Ed.]

* * *

Metallic Perhaps it was the half-crowns.

[*Thanks, old man.*—Ed.]

A Tip Why not white umbrellas for these dark nights?

[*By Jove! he ought to be in the Cabinet.*—Ed.]

* * *

"Skittles" Things were very brilliant at the Pluto Theatre last night for the first production of "Skittles." Vi Vaseline nodded to me from the stalls, as did Pansy Petrol and Earl Earwig. Karl Kipper, with a gay crowd, waved from a box. General Jumps had a night off from the front. He has a nasty cough, and I felt quite worried about him.

* * *

The Best Acts Apart from that little worry, the first-night crowd were so topping that—to come to "Skittles"—I found the intervals the best acts of the evening.

[*Caustic. What?*—Ed.]

* * *

The Duchess's Taxi-Drive The taxi-man who drove me home told me his previous fare had been the Duchess of Doorknob.

[*By Jove! He absolutely falls into it.*—Ed.]

* * *

The Duke's Choice By the way, there was another house vacant in Brook Street when the Duke acquired the lease of the present Doorknob town residence. I happen to know that both the Duke and the Duchess preferred the one they ultimately took, so they did not, of course, take the other.

* * *

No Heir By the way, again, the Doorknobs have no children, so they are, of course, childless.

* * *

A Coincidence Lord and Lady Lump, by a coincidence, are also childless, and have, therefore, no children whatever.

[*More variety, please.*—Ed.]

* * *

No Children By the way, there is no nursery at Castle Cachon, the beautiful residence of Earl and Countess Cachon, as they have no children, being, of course ——

[*Thanks, that's done it.*—Ed.]

Life in a Seaplane Carrier

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 2.—STARTING ON A "STRAFING" STUNT

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

Good Intentions

BY "EFEMERA"
Illustrated by Hill Clarke

Roads and Highways

How many people, I wonder, have made good resolutions this year, and how many of those same resolutions are still going strong? Certainly no assurance company, in its wildest nightmare, would even consider issuing a policy to so poor a life as the average good resolution, even on exorbitant terms. The strange thing about it is that anyone should still be so hopeful—or so benighted—as to make them. There may, of course, be some general arrangement of which I am ignorant between the New Year resolutionists and the Road Board of the Lower Regions. The road to hell being a much-travelled one, particularly in these days of heavy traffic from Hunland, must require a good deal of repairing.

❋ ❋

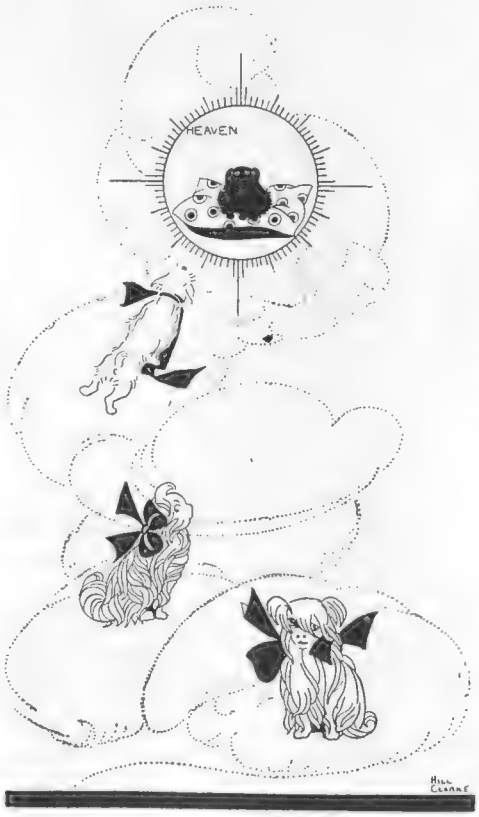
Temptations

We have, of course, all done our little best in that direction. You have only to think of the hundreds, not to say thousands, of women, full to the brim of the very sincerest and sternest economical intentions, who have already succumbed to the lure of some absolutely unparalleled bargain, the charms of an exclusive and irresistible French model, or even the low temptation of a box of chocolates. It does take a great deal of moral strength, you know, to make a resolution in the beginning, and so, very naturally, the supply being already nearly exhausted, you can't be surprised if there is not enough left to carry one successfully through the year.

❋ ❋

Involuntary Virtue

This year, too, a certain class of good resolutions is decidedly at a discount. What is the use, for instance, of solemnly making up one's mind that one will dispense with sweetmeats and sugar in one's tea, even though it be for the sake of a too exuberant figure, when one can't get sugar for love or money? Of course, if you are so minded, you can make a virtue of necessity, and some people seem to derive considerable satisfaction from that sort of juggling, but like a game of patience that you get out by cheating, it doesn't really count. This state of affairs is very hard on all the self-righteous self-denial people. Consider the vegetarians, for instance, how they gazed with contemptuous condemnation upon the carnal man who with glee devoured beefsteaks in preference to the succulent lentil. What with meatless days and one thing or another their glory is rapidly departing. There is no superior grace or ostentatious distinction in doing what everybody else does. They will have to give up vegetarianism and take to something else if their self-respect is to survive: grass soles to their boots and cotton instead of leather gloves, or something like that. And even then I dare say we shall soon be treading on their tails.



"Our pet dogs by that time will have gone the way of champagne restaurant suppers"

❋ ❋

Happy Days

It is pleasant to think of the coming days when, gathered about our economical four-candle-power light while the gas-mixed-with-air fire burns low, we shall look upon the loaf when it is brown, drink our small portion of diluted whisky (supposing that still survives), and reflect, with satisfaction, how very little there is left for us to deny ourselves. Our pet dogs by that time will have gone the way of champagne restaurant suppers; when invitations to dinner come they will bear in the corner some such request as the following: "Bring your potato, your allowance of meat and fat with you, also your own drinks, unless you prefer the company's water." Eventually the diner-out will bring his or her penny for the gas-meter as well.

(*Continued on page 75*)

From the "Rilette" painting to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

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IT is imperative, the more especially in view of winter campaigning, that Cadets on being gazetted should realise the importance of purchasing Field Service uniforms of the best quality possible to produce.

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Extra, large and strong. Made from an officer's design, **12/6**
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KNIVES, WITH CAN-OPENER, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, 12/6, 15/-, 17/6, 21/-, and 25/- each.

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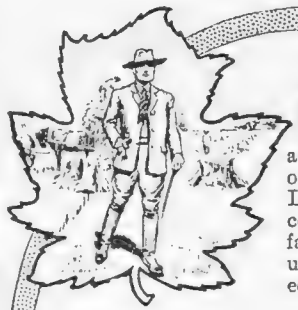

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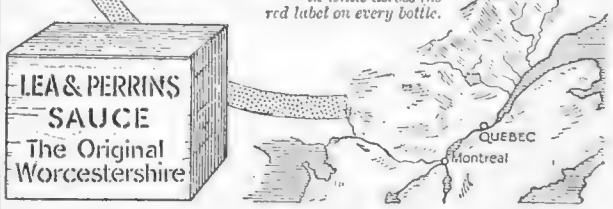

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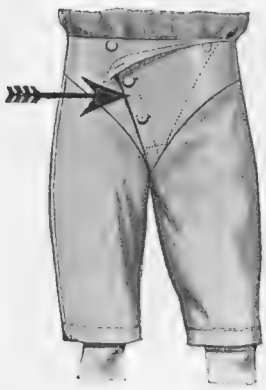

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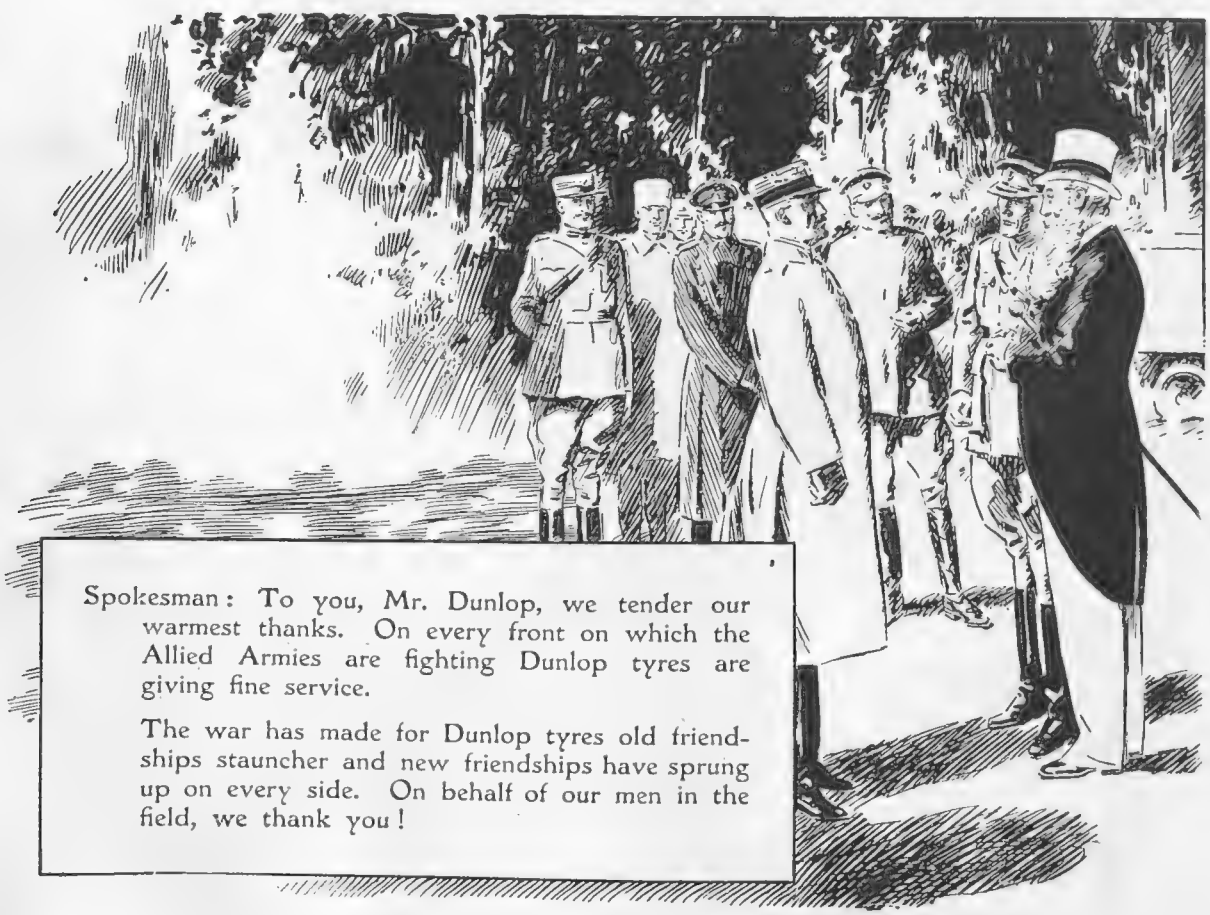


Spokesman: To you, Mr. Dunlop, we tender our warmest thanks. On every front on which the Allied Armies are fighting Dunlop tyres are giving fine service.

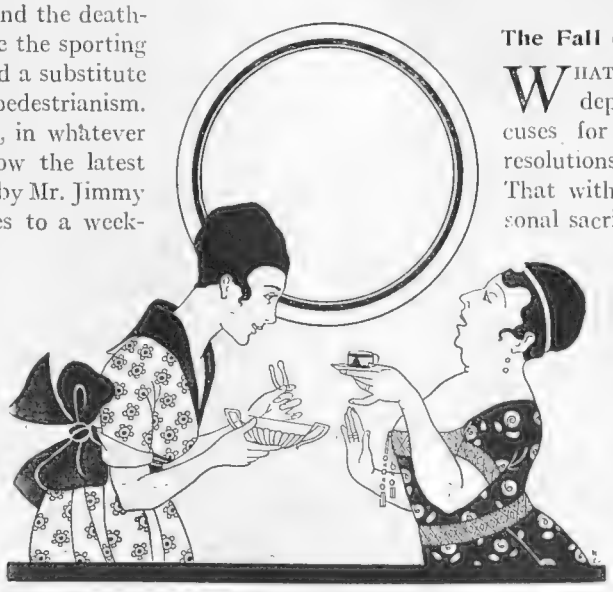
The war has made for Dunlop tyres old friendships stauncher and new friendships have sprung up on every side. On behalf of our men in the field, we thank you!

Exactly!

FISHERMAN: "I've got another bite, Jim! When I hook this one, we'll clear off"

Flat Foot Racing

No more luxurious travelling, even in third-class carriages. We shall return to the simple manners of the Stone Age, when even the smartest people took their journeys on foot. I should think that the stopping of race-trains would, in the present dearth of petrol, sound the death-knell of the Turf; but since the sporting instinct will out, we may find a substitute in some sort of week-end pedestrianism. You will read, for instance, in whatever replaces the *Pink 'Un*, how the latest week-end handicap was won by Mr. Jimmy Trot, who walked fifty miles to a week-end party, carrying a portmanteau, and arrived without turning a hair.



"Even for the sake of a too exuberant figure"

The Golden Age

One great advantage they enjoyed in the Stone Age was that if one disliked or disapproved of anybody one lay in wait and silenced the offender with a stone axe. There is much to be said for such straightforward procedure. It does away with useless argument and recrimination of the "you're another" type; it leaves no doubt as to the sincerity of one's opinions, and little room for reprisals, unless the enemy's kinsmen choose to take up the cudgels on his behalf, and in that case you, of course, summon your own, and there is a free fight, which clears the air and the ground. And with the shadow of a stone axe in the background people must have been careful about their statements and promises. A disappointed constituent lurking behind a bush must have been a far more terrible prospect than even a general election. But I wander from the point.

The Fall of Pride

What I really wish to say is that, deprived of all legitimate excuses for voluntary self-denial, good resolutions become mere empty wind. That without the opportunity of personal sacrifice we shall be neither more nor less than a nation of sybarites—sybarites on rations of wholemeal bread and water, perhaps, but sybarites none the less, for we shall have nothing to do but enjoy what pleasure we can find in our surroundings and the discomforts of our neighbours. There will be no virtue in abstinence. This may very well lead to a serious deterioration in the national character, particularly amongst those people who pride themselves on being not self-indulgent as other men are. With no opening for complacency amongst the Spartan members of the community, what would become of the virtues they preach and the examples they so laboriously set for their fellow-citizens to follow? More paving-stones, I suppose, for the Nether Regions. EFEMERA

IN AMERICA—STILL

The ice-skating season, our readers will be relieved to know, has set in with its usual severity in New York. A fashion show on the roof of the Hotel Biltmore inaugurated it, and the picture shows a bevy of charming American damsels who took part in the show. And yet they say they want to stop the war!

An Officer from the Front Recently Said to Burberrys

"I came to you at the opening of the War in 1914, and then thought you the most expensive House in the world. After fighting in France and Gallipoli since then, I think you the cheapest House in the world. Your goods are marvellous in the way they wear and what they will do."

The simple explanation is QUALITY—the best in every item.

In the severity of continuous warfare, shillings saved on clothing often mean lives lost. What false economy!

Think of standing in icy water, with snow, sleet or rain, driven by a pitiless wind, swirling in on you.

Hour after hour spent thus in the trenches, no shelter. Think of the importance of good, reliable, warmth-generating clothing under such conditions.

Not the false heat of oiled-silk or rubbered coats, driving pernicious air back on to the body, to lower vitality and quickly change to chill.

You need a healthful warmth, maintained by clothing that conforms to the dictates of Nature. Clothing which permits vitiated air to pass away, to be constantly replaced by fresh supplies, warmed by the warmer air within.

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Books of the Week

PERSONALITY AFTER DEATH

Life and Death

VERY naturally indeed one of the most widely discussed books at the present moment is Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond; Or, Life and Death* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). Briefly, the publication of this most intimate record follows on two facts. In the first place for many years Sir Oliver Lodge has been investigating the shadowy problems of the survival of personality after death. In the second place, his son Raymond was killed in France some fifteen months ago.

Communications

The first part of his father's book is taken up with Raymond's letters from the front, and from these and the accompanying notes you gather that the young man was a normal, healthy, keen soldier, devoted equally to his family and his friends—altogether an engaging personality, whose loss would be widely and deeply felt, as, indeed, has been the case. It is in the second part of the book where Sir Oliver leaves the normal track and gives you material which should cause even the most hide-bound sceptic to wonder. For here are given detailed records of "sittings," with or without mediums, from which Sir Oliver and his family—once very sceptical about all such phenomena—conclude that they have been and still are, in constant communication with Raymond "on the other side."

The Limits of Telepathy (?)

Now it is an undisputed fact that the practice of Spiritualism has brought in its train innumerable frauds, some cruel, a few pious; but Sir Oliver Lodge has proceeded along lines which *seem* to get rid of the possibility of fraud. There has in the past been a very general prejudice against "Spiritualism," but this seems to be in process of breaking down, and if we are to believe the "messages" from Raymond, this particular book is destined to take a large hand in the process.

For or Against

In any case, whether you are minded to accept whole-heartedly the "survival" of Raymond, or whether, being a cautious person, you decide that there may be something in it, though you prefer to express no opinion, Sir Oliver Lodge's book cannot help interesting you. Very easily it may entrance you. And it is good to know that Sir Oliver's work has already brought happiness to many who have lost husbands and sons on the field. Spiritualism is a form of religion to its followers, and, for all the drawbacks which sceptics discover, may conceivably be the means of bridging the religious gulfs of to-day. You cannot tell. And "evidence" is a mighty peculiar business, as most lawyers know.

"The Spring Song"

From Mr. Forrest Reid you will generally get an unusual book, sometimes a startlingly good book. His chief interests are the idiosyncrasies of childhood and the occult. *The Spring Song* (Arnold: 6*s.*), his latest book, allows good scope for both of them. You meet a truly delightful family of children on a holiday in the country with their grandfather. Edward, the eldest, a mighty man of fifteen, is the least pleasant of them, but then he is at an awkward age. Besides, his position is made difficult by the fact that he has a school friend, Palmer Dorset—a rival to Sherlock Holmes, in spite of his sixteen years—staying with him. Jimmy and Anne are jolly kids jollily described; and then there is the gentle Grif, a boy apart, the poor Grif who hears strange music in the wood behind his grandfather's house and has something of the genius in his composition.

Sherlock *versus* the Occult

It is around little Grif that Mr. Reid weaves his skilfully constructed tale. The loss of his dog and the wild, haphazard adventures that follow his attempt to find it, lead to no harm, but the malignant personality of the strange Mr. Bradley, his grandfather's church organist, has effects that are very nearly fatal; in fact, it is only due to the extraordinary deductive powers of Master Dorset that the mischief is put a stop to. (Incidentally, you may quarrel with Mr. Reid if you like about the possibility or otherwise of a Palmer Dorset, but he is undoubtedly an amusing creation, and there may be readers who will prefer his "cases" to poor little Grif's misfortunes.) Mr. Reid is a clever writer, who knows his children well. *The Spring Song* will, perhaps, have the widest appeal of all his books. R. S.

A "BYSTANDER" RIGHT IN IT

A section of the —th Trench Mortar Battery taken somewhere in France. The officer in command is Second-Lieutenant G. Saxe-Wyndham, M.C., before the war a member of "The Bystander" staff

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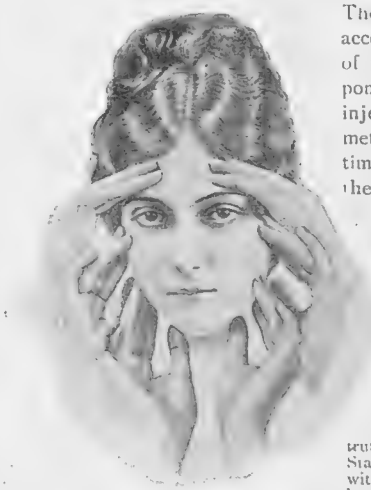

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MUSICAL NOTES

"YOUNG ENGLAND"

THE Musical Bystander is proud and flattered. Consciously or unconsciously two managements have combined to do precisely what he has continually urged them to do, and have produced a real light opera. But, however greatly he may congratulate himself *à la Daily Mail*, he cannot congratulate unreservedly anybody else, for, truth to tell, the "real light opera" in question is rather poor stuff.

❀ ❀

I AM perfectly aware that most of the musical critics have been very kind to *Young England*, prompted by a well-meaning, but, as I think, mistaken desire to encourage a couple of competent composers. But competence, however great, is useless to a composer of light opera unless he possesses at the same time a genuine gift of tune and a certain exuberant vitality. To me Messrs. Bath and Clutsam appear to possess neither of these attributes. Their music set neither my feet dancing nor my heart singing. The only points in the whole entertainment that seemed "just right" were Hayden Coffin's song in the last act and Hayden Coffin himself all the time.

Photograph *Hoppé*

MISS CLARA BUTTERWORTH

Whose singing and acting as Betty Sydenham in "Young England" is altogether charming

I AM sure that light opera has a future in this country as brilliant as has been its past; but I am greatly afraid that the production of *Young England* will rather hinder than help it. After all, how on earth can you hope to try to cut out Nat Dyer and other ragtime composers unless you can write tunes as good as theirs? You are not going to do it by writing in four parts, or showing your contrapuntal skill, or even by scoring nicely. All these things serve to make a good tune sound better—but the good tune must be there to begin with.

❀ ❀

MOREOVER, *Young England* is old-fashioned. It is essentially of the same school as Edward German or Arthur Sullivan; but if we want German or Sullivan we can revive *Merrie England* or *Pinafore*, works of real genius, both. A modern composer of light opera must do something different altogether; he must found a new dynasty, not be content to continue the traditions of an old one. Moreover, there is a certain parable about new wine and old bottles. It is very apposite in this case—the other way about! FRANCIS TOYE

THE

"ARMY VET."

One of my sergeants says he knows all about horses because he was in a circus. Well, I know something about horses too, and I'm never fed up with Gees', but mules are the limit . . . . . why the other day an innocent looking one let out at the C. O. . . . . fortunately I had an "Army Club" Cigarette to offer him, and saved the situation.

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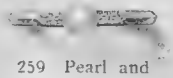

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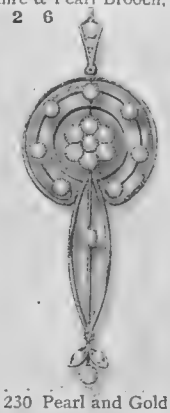

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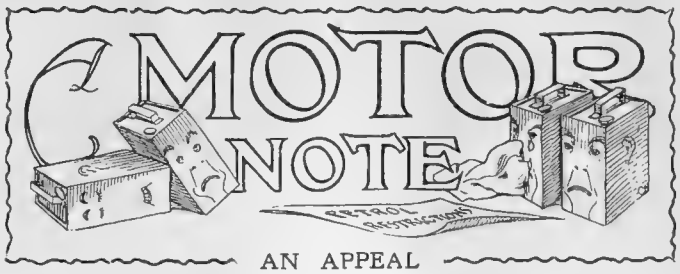

AN APPEAL

Help!

THE Central Committee for the Employment of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors connected with the motor industry is doing a fine work. It is a work in which any reader of these notes can render assistance. You would think the demand for labour would consume every available ounce of it; but that omits to take into consideration the fact that many discharged men have been badly mauled and cannot fit into the jobs which may be open. Later on, also, the work of finding work will be even more difficult. It will require much organisation and the co-operation of everybody who can assist. This organisation the Committee has put in. It wants now not only to get into touch with employers in the motor industry, private motorists, and others connected with motoring, but with every sort of citizen and association of citizens who can help. Because it will be impossible to "place" all the men discharged back into the old business, partly because that department of employment has shrunk very considerably, and partly because the discharged man may not, owing to wounds, be able to do the old work. Write Moroney, the hon. secretary of the Committee, at 83, Pall Mall.

* * *

Coal Conservation

IT seems we already have a Coal Conservation Committee at work on a survey of the coal resources of the U.K., with the idea of formulating a basis for systematic economies in the use of fuel. It is experimenting with, and scheduling, the various kinds of coal, to determine their suitability for different processes; and out of that, if the committee is big enough and is backed well enough, we ought to get some definite move towards the systematic production of fuel for internal combustion engines, and a really national effort to recover all the enormously valuable coal by-products at present being wasted just because we have not yet got down to a full appreciation of the wealth inherent in our coal supplies, and haven't had the industry or the enterprise to put in the extractor plants necessary to retrieving that wealth. The collieries being privately owned, it has been left to the coal lords to recognise the potentialities of their property. They have not done so, being vastly more concerned with the simpler get-rich-quick plan of getting the coal out and getting rid of it "neat."

* * *

State Control

PERHAPS we cannot blame the coal lords overmuch. It is only the war that has given a sufficient emphasis to the national importance of this matter. Now, however, it should come in the form of a State demand to colliery owners to break up their coal or have it broken up. Coal is hardly less nationally important than flour. The State can place conditions on the sale of coal as fuel and fix maximum prices. It has taken over certain mines, and it can take over the rest if necessary. It can also insist upon the elimination of coal waste by the establishment of the mechanism for reducing coal to its several valuable elements. I hope it will.

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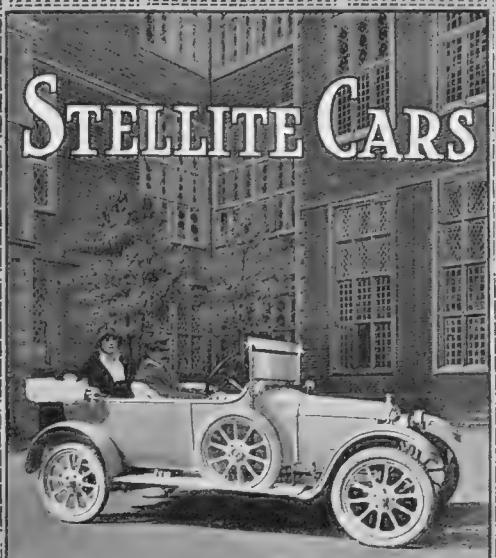
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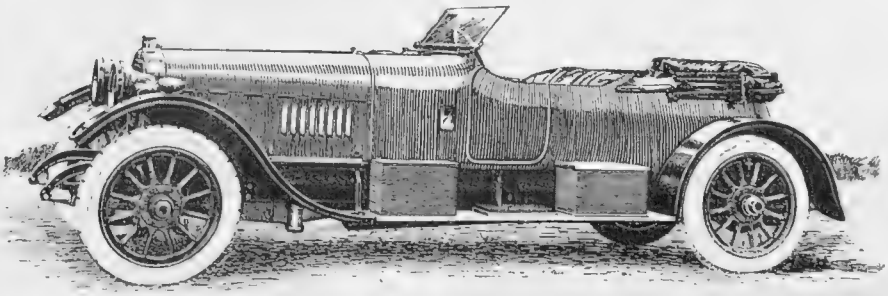

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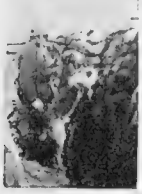

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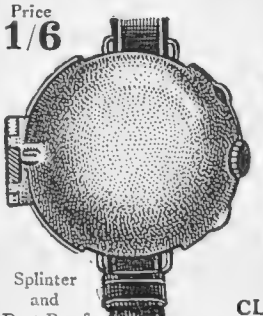

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AN occasion of real significance to all who wish to economise. Because Woollands own stocks only are on offer, it is an unexampled opportunity to purchase at prices that mean "saving" without prejudice to "quality."

H. 394—120 only, Superior Quality Artificial Silk Sports Coat (as sketch). In the following colours only: Black, Sky, Pink, Rose, Wedgewood Blue, Smoke Grey, Nigger Brown, Navy, Emerald, Light Saxe Blue
Usual Price, 45/9
Sale Price, 37/9

REMNANTS HALF PRICE EVERY THURSDAY

WOOLLAND BROS., Ltd.
Knightsbridge, London, S.W.

A Delicious Cup of Cocoa

Made in a Moment

Take a spoonful of Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk, mix to a smooth paste with a little hot water, add boiling water as required, and you have in a moment a delicious cup of Cocoa, nourishing and sustaining—in fact, a meal in itself.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk is an excellent thing for the brain-worker, for those who suffer from "nerves" or insomnia; and for the busy man or woman who is obliged at times to forgo a regular meal and yet requires something sustaining in the meantime.

But perhaps its most valuable property is that it is very easily digested and can be taken without the least discomfort, even by those who have to diet themselves with care and are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form.

TESTIMONY.—"I have used your Cocoa and Milk and consider it a most excellent preparation, very agreeable in flavour, and superior to tea, especially when taken in the afternoon by those whose digestions are weak."

Tins 2/6 & 1/6, of all Chemists and Stores

SAMPLE FOR 4d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent post free for 4d. Mention "The Bystander," and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

SAVORY & MOORE'S COCOA & MILK

WIND-CHAFE

does not trouble or inconvenience ladies who make the use of Ven-Yusa Cream their daily rulé.

When Ven-Yusa is gently applied to the face, neck, hands, or arms, the skin gets what is virtually a bath of natural oxygen. This restores vitality in the tissues and produces a feeling of imperishable freshness.

The result of using Ven-Yusa every day is a skin that is always soft and clear, and a complexion beautiful and attractive.

VEN-YUSA
The Oxygen Face Cream

1/- per jar of Chemists, Stores, &c., or from C. E. FULFORD, Ltd., Leeds.

FREE FROM JELKS

Monthly Bargain List of

HIGH-GRADE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE. For Cash or on Easy Terms

Half Cost and Double Wear of Cheap New Goods

Critics of Furniture are amazed at the apparently unlimited variety to be seen at Jelks, especially when the bargain prices are taken into consideration.
£50,000 Stock and 250,000 sq. ft. floor space.
If you cannot make a call of inspection to-day, write at once for the Free Monthly Bargain List.

Large or small quantities of Genuine Second-hand Furniture purchased for cash and on receipt of postcard a buyer would quote.

Every Saturday Afternoon Special Exhibitions take place, and visitors may spend a pleasant and instructive hour by walking through the showrooms and taking tea (which is provided free) in the oak room.

W. JELKS & SONS, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275,
HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.

DEPOSITORIES: 2 to 16, Eden Grove (adjoining).
Phones: North 2598 and 2599. **Telegrams:** "Jellico, London."
B. D. & Co.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

"Eciruam" Gowns

THE "Eciruam" gown came, was seen, and has conquered all along the line of dress, a cleverer, more ingenious, or more wholly attractive fashioning having never before made its appearance. It is so delightfully simple, too, is the "Eciruam," and yet every garment is invested with a quite particular *cachet* and charm that immediately bespeaks an exclusive environment; and exclusive, indeed, is the dainty little *atelier* at 43, South Molton Street, presided over by Maurice.

The fundamental principle of every "Eciruam" model is the entire absence of fasteners, the garment falling, so to say, automatically into place, and so brilliant is the entire inspiration that no fitting is required, a fact which has had no small word to say in the world-wide popularity of the really wonderful invention. All that is necessary, when ordering one of the many beautiful models, is to send correct measurements to Maurice, his expert understanding ensuring complete satisfaction. Always a great boon and blessing to clients living in the country, the "no-fitting" virtue of "Eciruam" is doubly enhanced now that railway travelling is becoming more and more difficult and inconvenient.

There are styles to suit all occasions, from simple designs in serge to the daintiest evening confections of chiffon, taffeta, and net, the intervening space being filled by a plethora of charming afternoon models in soft *charmeuse* and velveteens, all of which are at the moment undergoing the most drastic sale treatment, a few very choice "Eciruam" gowns, indeed, going as low as 49*s.* 6*d.* Among the pick of the bargains, and the range is very exhaustive, comes the elegant little frock sketched, delightfully expressed in grey velveteen and lapin fur, a girdle of oxidised embroidery encircling the waist. It also works out charmingly in blue velveteen, the fur-trimmed collar replaced by a chiffon *fichu* in tone. The price stands somewhere in the region of 5 guineas.

AN "ECIRUAM" GOWN
Trimmed fur, with one fastening only

Woollands' Sale

What a volume of good news is spoken in those two words, any and every sale held by Messrs. Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, proving of inestimable value to hosts of women whose love of beautiful clothes often outruns the wherewithal to procure them. All the departments are affected, so that it does not matter in the least what particular quest sends eager clients to the sale, gowns, costumes, millinery, *lingerie*, furs, mantles, and all the dainty desirable accessories of dress being forthcoming at very tempting rates.

Among the costumes in general comes a nice little coating serge model in particular, the coat daintily finished with coloured wool flowers at waist and neck, only 59*s.* 6*d.*: another remarkable bargain occurring in a well-tailored navy or black coating suit at 3½ guineas. A number of the season's coat-frocks are greatly reduced, as also a range of slightly shop-tossed evening gowns, the latter really going at purely nominal prices to effect a complete clearance.

All the model blouses are reduced to less than half price, very generous reductions likewise occurring in Jap silk and chamois *crêpe* washing shirts, Woollands' own inimitable stock, and, therefore, covetable under any conditions. In the millinery department there are velvet and *velour* hats, distinguished by good line and that immaculate expression so characteristic of Woollands, reduced, in some instances, to as much as half price and under, while a drop of 10*s.* is a quite common occurence.

Mothers will find much to be thankful for in the reductions placed upon the sweetest and daintiest of baby linen, frocks, and pelisses, clothes for older children being treated in the same generous manner. As the sale is already in progress it will be well to go at once, and special note should be made that every Thursday during January remnants and oddments will be sold off at ridiculously low prices.

Burberry's Half-Price Sale

Burberry's season's sale, which opened on January 1 and continues throughout January and February, includes garments for members of both sexes of every kind and size, and suitable for all occasions and pursuits. Granting first place to the famed weather-proof overcoats of the firm, which will be obtainable in many exclusive designs and materials, these are followed by a large number of gowns and completed suits, models thoroughly of the moment, and all carrying

(*Continued on page* viii)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

the particular *cachet* imparted by materials consistently beautiful and artistic.

A certain percentage of the stock is to be cleared at one half—and in some instances less than one half—current prices. The remainder, being marked down to the lowest possible figure justified by the present cost of production, owing to Burberry's special facilities for manufacture, represent unqualified value. It is generally conceded that the test of thirty months of war in all climates has clinched for all time the magnificent wearing qualities of Burberry's cloths.

Preparations for the Coming School Term

Let us do it in secret, we who are mothers, but let us do it in good time, this preparing for the coming school term. A somewhat trying one in a way, since the weather may be anything. Of a certainty the *crêpe de Chine* jumper is going to prove a serious rival to the blouse, and small wonder, for the jumper at least covers that vulnerable point, the waist, always a doubtful quantity where the formless figure is concerned.

Elizabeth, 45, South Molton Street, early foresaw this vogue, and has prepared accordingly, her selection of suitable jumper models coming second to none To meet all atmospheric contingencies for the Sunday school frock, it would be impossible to imagine anything more ideal than a skirt of santoy allied to a smocked jumper fashioned of *crêpe de Chine*, the whole affair, of course, in tone. An accompanying picture affords an idea of the general appearance of Elizabeth's suggestion, which is just as reasonably priced as can be.

A SKIRT OF SANTOY

With a crêpe de Chine smocked jumper, at Elizabeth's

For schoolroom wear this children's *couturière* has for long advocated the coat-frock, which is really only a development of the tunic dress. Using up a quantity of fine navy serge in hand, the cost of which has already risen appreciably and will continue to do so, Elizabeth is showing some exceptionally attractive models. A case in point for a girl of from fourteen to sixteen years has collar and cuffs of coral pink cloth, while a waist-line is suggested by a girdle of the serge, threaded through coral-covered rings; another, similar in style, is relieved by tangerine orange cloth. The feature of these coat-frocks at Elizabeth's is an extreme simplicity, which is accentuated by the most perfect cut and fit.

She is likewise busy in the creation of evening or dance dresses, an important asset in the modern schoolgirl's wardrobe. The daintiest of pink *ninon* frocks, falling like a cluster of rose petals, was finished by a white net *fichu* and long sleeves. On a white embroidered net, the embroidery taking the form of long upward trails or spirals, the sole relief was provided in two straight bands at the waist of pale Nattier-blue ribbon; while for girls of all ages Elizabeth has the most adorable schemes in fine organdi muslin. Designed for a child of ten years or thereabouts is a model flounced almost to the waist with the sweetest *bébé* bodice; and children's millinery is, of course, as always, *sans reproche* here, characterised by just the right note of smartness and modishness without overstepping the limits of taste and suitability.

Important to the Housewife

It speaks volumes for the sound standing and business enterprise of the firm of Robinson and Cleaver, the founders of the great Linen Hall, Regent Street, that they have, in the midst of the greatest war history has ever known, sufficient surplus of the season's stock to mark down to bargain prices. After compiling a careful list of the necessary replenishments to the linen cupboard the careful housewife sallies forth to the Linen Hall in the fullest confidence for fine napery, linen and cotton sheets, pillow-cases, dainty bedspreads, afternoon tea-cloths, and the innumerable prosaic, but practical, towels, etc., imperative to the proper conducting of a household.

Apropos of bedspreads, Robinson and Cleaver include in their current January clearance a lot of embroidered Irish linen fancies ranging in price from 19*s.* 6*d.* to 63*s.*, elastic enough to suit all purses. A similar marking-down occurs in the case of linen and lace bedspreads—lovely, sumptuous things, and a very joy to the fastidious eye—that make a start at 39*s.* 6*d.*

Lowered rates of a particularly tempting order are attached to blankets, down quilts, and cushions, the latter guaranteed to be filled with pure down and ventilated. And the usual rounding off is provided by hundreds of lace and muslin curtains, *brise bise*, short blinds, and *crême* Madras by the yard. Throughout the month Robinson and Cleaver will clear out remnants at half price every Wednesday.

Wonderful Bargains

This is not by any manner of means a mere *façon de parler*, but a true statement of fact, as will be speedily realised after a visit to the sale now proceeding at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. Every department yields up some special attraction, a notable feature being made of smart wrap-coats suitable to early spring wear, special sale prices bringing elegant models in fine navy and black suiting serges, up to date in every detail, down to the accessible price of 89*s.* 6*d.* Among the tailor-made suits is a charming model carried out in soft finished wool *velour*, the coat, with its large, important pockets, trimmed with fancy stitching. Reduced from 6½ guineas to £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, this is certainly a "wonderful bargain."

(Continued on page x)

GONG SOUPS

For Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen.

The men who are envied in training camps, on board H.M. Ships and on active service abroad are those who receive parcels of good things from home. Gong Soups are particularly suited to their needs. They give warmth, sustenance and energy to overcome the trials of winter in the open. They are easily prepared, and the twelve flavours afford a welcome change from Service Rations.

From one of the Expeditionary Force :—

"I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of a welcome parcel of Gong Soups. It is indeed surprising the large amount of nourishment derived from them. By the addition of boiling water several portions of the most delicious and most appetising soup one could ever wish to taste can be made from one of the small packets. At this time of year, when one is so exposed to the bad weather, a portion of these soups has wonderful sustaining powers and one is able to 'carry on.'"

From the Father of one of the London Scottish :—

"A fortnight ago I sent several packets of your Gong Soups to my son in France, London Scottish, and to-day I heard from him. The following extract from his letter will I think interest you :—

'Those Gong Soup tablets you sent are excellent, especially in this weather, and I hope you will not by any mischance forget to put a few of them in each time.'"

Twelve Delicious Varieties:

Scotch Broth	Ox Tail
Mock Turtle	Thick Gravy
Pea	Celery Cream
Mulligatawny	Green Pea
Lentil	Artichoke
Julienne	Tomato

GONG SOUPS

Made by OXO Ltd., London, E.C.

The charm of "Erasmic" is the lasting benefit its use confers upon the skin.

"ERASMIC"

SOAP.

The Dainty

4d per tablet. "ERASMIC" Perfumers. LONDON AND PARIS. 1/ per box.

Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Reliable Timekeeper.

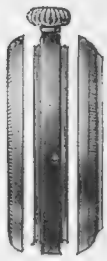
Fully Luminous.

SOLID SILVER

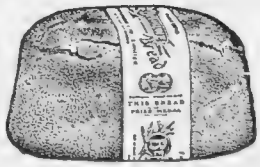
£3 5 0

WILSON & GILL'S SMALL MODEL "*CAMPAIGN*" WRISTLET WATCH.

New Catalogue sent on application.



Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed



Robust health and good spirits are the gifts of all who make their daily bread

Bermaline

BEST BROWN BREAD

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

Marshall and Snelgroves have a singularly attractive choice to offer in lovely little models of smart, simple little frocks suitable for restaurant or home dinner wear at reduced prices, together with evening dresses of the most *recherché* order. The sale, which started on Monday, January 1, is to end on the 20th, so no time should be lost in paying a visit to Oxford Street.

A Wise Investment

While a sale at Walpole's, 89-90, New Bond Street, is always an event to the house-proud woman, the present January clearance arouses more than the usual amount of interest

The fact that the pure Irish linen double damask tablecloths and napkins are woven in the firm's own factories is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence in quality, style, and design, and among numbers of beautiful examples the favourite water design takes a big drop in price, tablecloths 2yds. by 2yds. going at 11*s.* each, and dinner-napkins to match at 16*s.* 6*d.* the dozen. Some quite unique bargains are to be picked up in tablecloths and napkins—Walpole's standard makes, but slightly damaged in the weaving—that are to be cleared out at one-third less than the ordinary prices.

Cotton sheets, ready hemmed, are going at 25 per cent. below the current rates, and linen sheets, both plain and fancy hemstitched, together with pillow-cases to correspond, at remarkable reductions. Huck-aback and diaper towels, noted for their beautiful softness of texture, are included in the sale, as also glass, tea and kitchen cloths, and a simply irresistible selection of dainty net curtains, hemstitched and hand-embroidered Irish linen mats, tray cloths, afternoon teatable cloths, and a whole host of small details so dear to the heart of the fastidious housekeeper.

Georgette Blouses at 10s. 6d.

Now there is an offer to jump at if you like! And the sooner those reading of it take a bee line to Madame Venn's, 110, Charing Cross Road, the better chance they have of it being fulfilled.

During January Madame Venn is clearing off all dresses and blouses in stock preparatory to devoting her whole attention and time to the charming and *recherché lingerie*, the orders for which she is hard pressed to cope with, for she has a *succès fou* both at home and at the front for her supremely dainty and most original "undies." Practically all the stock illustrated in her season's catalogue is selling at 10 per cent. under the marked prices, while a very special line comprises combinations of Jap silk, trimmed with lace insertion, which have dropped to 25*s.*, others of *crêpe de Chine* and lace going at a guinea, a bagatelle price, it goes without saying, for such confections as Madame Venn turns out.

A Sale of Indispensable Value

Throughout January, or until such time as their superfluous stock is disposed of, Jay, Ltd., Regent Street, will be offering their covetable and exclusive goods at prices that place them within the bounds of the average purse. This is a genuine opportunity for exercising war-time economy, the sale including smart coats and skirts, all characterised by that advance note prevalent at Jay's, gowns for all occasions, the most *chic* of millinery, teagowns, blouses, and a small, but very choice, selection of furs; while among the lesser items gloves and hosiery and umbrellas provide undoubted attractions.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar
SOAP
is now known as the
Soldiers' Soap.

It Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Bournemouth.

Dear Sirs,

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT." It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

Yours truly, S . . . . .

In United Kingdom, **4d.** per Tablet.
In Australia, Canada, India, and British Colonies, **6d.** per Tablet.

Baby's Food Step by Step

WHEN feeding Baby by hand the same Food can be given from birth for the first months, varying the quantity from week to week.

About the fourth month something to help the formation of bone, nerve and muscle is required.

Nothing starchy in the Food is permissible until six months have passed, when Baby should be sturdy and firm, not too fat. Then give a partially digested farinaceous Food.

The only complete progressive dietary — the unique and ideal method is

The Allenburys Foods

MILK FOOD No. 1 From birth to 3 months.
MILK FOOD No. 2 From 3 to 6 months.
MALTED FOOD No. 3 From 6 months upwards

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London.

If your hands are apt to become chafed with the cold or wind you will find that a few drops of 'Ess Viotto' will quickly restore their natural beauty and softness.

Ess Viotto

Sold by all Chemists and Stores,

1/3, 2/6, 5/- per bottle.

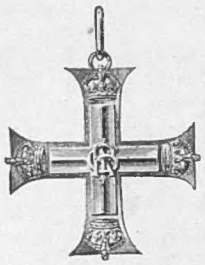
Wholesale—

H. BRONNLEY & Co., LTD., LONDON, W.

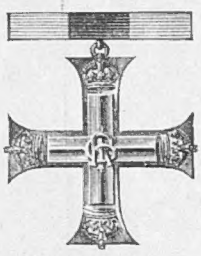
Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

THE MILITARY CROSS.



No. 603—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Pendant, **£2 15 0.** As Brooch, **£3**



No. 604—Solid 18ct. Gold and Palladium Brooch Pendant, with Bar Enamelled in Colours to represent Ribbon - - - - **£3 15 0**

THESE MINIATURES OF THE MILITARY CROSS ARE MADE IN SOLID 18ct. GOLD, FRONTED WITH PURE PALLADIUM.

I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and strong as I was I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my earthly self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consternation because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me after I had spent time, money and patience in vain efforts to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practise tiresome exercises nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two 1d. stamps to pay postage. W. Grace Hartland (Dept 117), Diamond House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN AN INVESTMENT which in return for an outlay of £50 per annum for four years, experts advise will thereafter return you an income of from £200 to £250 per annum, write for full particulars to Dept. F.L., THE AFRICAN REALTY TRUST, LTD. (Capital £400,000, fully subscribed) Egypt House, 36, New Broad Street, E.C.

Fashionable MATERNITY WEAR (Self-adjusting)

Gowns, Skirts, Costumes.

ROYALTY and SOCIETY patronise our world-renowned Maternity Wear. Every garment preserves normal appearance and is skilfully made to measure. Costume illustrated costs from **40/-**. For fashion-book, patterns & simple self-measure form, write Manageress, **WOOD Bros., 20, St. Mary's St.** (*Specialists*) **MANCHESTER.**

MOTOR MEX SPIRIT

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal **HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA** At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

THE MENU

MADRAS CURRY
CURRY CROQUETTES
KIDNEY WITH CURRY SAUCE
VEGETABLE CURRY
TO BOIL RICE FOR CURRY

SOME CURRY DISHES

Madras Curry

Cut into slices two small onions, and fry in 2 oz. of butter or margarine to a light golden colour. Mix a tablespoonful of curry-powder with a teaspoonful of cornflour in the pan with the onions and butter, until it is quite smooth; add a breakfast-cupful of good stock. Cut up 1 lb. of fresh meat, either beef, mutton, or fowl, into pieces an inch in size. Put them in the pan with the curry, and let them simmer very gently for an hour, stirring into the sauce a tablespoonful of desiccated cocoa-nut. Before serving squeeze in the juice of a lemon.

Curry Croquettes

Take ½ lb. of any cold meat, cutting away skin, gristle, and fat, and pass it through a mincing-machine. Put into a saucepan 2 oz. of margarine, a minced shallot, and a small minced onion. Let it fry until cooked without getting brown, then add a small tablespoonful of curry-powder. Stir for a few minutes, then add the meat. Let this cook very slowly for ten minutes, then add about as much boiled rice as there is mince, and half a cupful of stock. Remove the saucepan from the fire, stir in one egg, salt and pepper to taste, and the juice of a lemon. Spread it out on a dish, and when cold make into flat balls. Cover them with egg and breadcrumbs, and plunge them into boiling fat. Cook them until they are of a nice golden brown colour. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Kidney with Curry Sauce

Put a small pat of margarine in a stewpan, a tablespoonful of curry-powder, two teaspoonfuls of flour, a little salt, and an onion chopped small; fry these well together, and moisten with a quarter of a pint of gravy until forming a smooth thick sauce. Have ready ½ lb. of ox kidney, which has been fried and cut into thin slices, and stir into the curry sauce. Simmer gently for about twenty minutes, and serve.

Vegetable Curry

Cut some onions into thin slices and fry them a good brown, add a breakfast-cupful of milk in which a tablespoonful of curry-powder has been mixed; let all boil together for twenty minutes, stirring well, then add the vegetables, previously parboiled, and let the whole simmer by the side of the fire for about an hour. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, and haricot beans can be used, and any remains of cauliflower. At the present season, and on the "meatless" day, this dish may be a novelty.

To Boil Rice for Curry

Wash a teacupful of Patna rice, and put it into a saucepan containing two quarts of boiling salted water. Let it boil fast for *exactly* a quarter of an hour. Drain in a sieve, and put in front of the fire or in the oven to dry. Each grain should be separate. EMILIA

The FRENCH Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

for disorders of the LIVER: GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES, RHEUMATISM and all ailments arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine Merchants, Stores, and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE Ltd., Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.
And at Liverpool & Bristol.

THE PAPER
TO SEND TO FRIENDS
ABROAD
is the
"SATURDAY
WESTMINSTER"

The Penny Weekly Magazine-Review for the Thinking Man and Woman.

Send a Postcard for a Specimen Copy to
THE PUBLISHER,
TUDOR HOUSE, TUDOR STREET, E.C.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

FOR THE BONNIE BAIRNS OF THE BRAVE.

FOR the future welfare of the Empire the children must be kept healthy now. Protect them from the germs and microbes of disease by using Lifebuoy Soap.

No more simple, more certain, or more delightful way of promoting cleanliness and health and preventing disease could be found.

For the Empire's sake, for the children's sake—"Do it now"—use Lifebuoy Soap. Use it for the Toilet, for the Bath, and for Home cleaning.

The mild carbolic odour you note in Lifebuoy Soap is the sign of its splendid protective qualities. Lifebuoy Soap cleans and disinfects at the same time.

MORE THAN SOAP, YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

L 141—86

The WOMAN TROOPER — Mrs Christian Davis
This fearless Amazon joined the ranks of the GREYS - then known as the Grey Dragoons, and fought in three battles, and was three times wounded... When she died in 1739, she was buried with full military honours in Chelsea Hospital Cemetery.....

The

"GREYS"

The Big CIGARETTE with the choice Flavour

SILK CUT VIRGINIA

WE stand or fall by the smoker's opinion. Every day somebody tries "GREYS." Every day we have to supply more because their smokers increase. Will you try these big, wholesome cigarettes?

20 for **1/-**; **50** for **2/6**; **100** for **4/9**
Of High-Class Tobacconists and Stores everywhere.

FOR THE FRONT
Post and Duty Free, and packed in Air-tight tins of 50.
200 for **6/-**; **500** for **14/-**; **1000** for **27/-**
Place your order with your Tobacconist.

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON,
Branch of the United Kingdom Tobacco Company, Ltd.

P.C.B.—88

Actual Size. Round, not Oval.

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